THE

SUMMER's TALE;

A

MUSICAL COMEDY.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

N. B. In order to ſhorten the Repreſentation, the 20th and 32d Songs are omitted, together with ſome Paſſages in the Dialogue, which there was not Time to correct in the Copy.

Dolph 4
624 h 16 (3)

THE SUMMER's TALE.

A

MUSICAL COMEDY

Of THREE ACTS.

As it is Performed at the

Theatre Royal in COVENT-GARDEN.

Vox et præterea Nihil.

LONDON:
Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-Mall;
W. JOHNSTON, in Ludgate-Street; and
J. WALTER, at Charing-Cross.
MDCCLXV.

THE SUMMER'S TALE.

PERSONS Repreſented.

MEN.

Sir ANTONY WITHERS, Father to FREDERICK and MARIA,	Mr. SHUTER.
BELLAFONT,	Mr. BEARD.
FREDERICK,	Mr. MATTOCKS.
SHIFTER, an Attorney,	Mr. DUNSTALL.
FERDINAND, BELLAFONT's Servant,	Mr. MORRIS.
PETER, Sir ANTONY's Man,	Mr. COSTELLO.
PADDY O CONNOR, an Iriſh Soldier,	Mr. BARRINGTON.
HENRY, a Country Youth,	Mr. DYER.

WOMEN.

MARIA,	Miſs BRENT.
AMELIA, diſguiſed as CLARA,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
OLIVIA, a Relation of Sir ANTONY's,	Mrs. VINCENT.

Domeſticks of Sir ANTONY, Peaſants, Reapers, &c.

SCENE, Sir ANTONY WITHERS's Houſe, Garden, and the Country adjacent.

Time, One Day.

THE

SUMMER's TALE.

OVERTURE, by Mr. ABEL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Garden.

MARIA *enters, followed by* BELLAFONT.

AIR I. [Cocchi.]

Mar. *TELL me why thus you continue to woo me,*
Why with ſuch obſtinate Suit you purſue me?
Bell. *Aſk not why thus I am fated to woo thee,*
Why with ſuch wearifome Suit I purſue thee.

Mar. *Hopeleſs you ply me,*
Still muſt I fly thee;
How can I grant, what I've vow'd to deny thee?
Bell. *What tho' you fly me,*
Still if I ply thee;
Pity may grant what your Pride may deny me.

Mar. *Tell me, &c.* } Duetto.
Bell. *Aſk not, &c.* }

BELLAFONT.

What whim is this, Maria? Why do you fly from me at ſuch a rate?

MARIA.

Ridiculous Queſtion!—So ſanguine, ſo ſucceſsful a Lover as Captain Bellafont is might have concluded, that no Woman can have any other Motive for flying from him, but the Pleaſure of being purſued.

BELLAFONT.

Oh! your moſt humble Servant.—But really I am no match for you at theſe Weapons: The Dance you have led me over Hedge and Ditch, acroſs that Walk, down the next, over this Field, round the other, might be good Sport to a ſlender, well-breath'd Stripling of a Lover; but to your Adorer, who is ſomewhat corpulent, it is actually intolerable; and I do proteſt to you, that if you offer to ſtir a Step further, I will abſolutely give over the Chace.

MARIA.

Inſufferable! Will no Submiſſion ſatisfy you?

BELLAFONT.

Was your Flight a Proof of your Submiſſion, I might be ſatisfied; but I doubt that little rebellious Heart of yours will not be ſubdued upon ſuch eaſy Terms.

MARIA.

Upon eaſy Terms, depend on it I never ſhall ſubmit: I have obſerv'd ſo little Complaiſance after Marriage, that I ſhall look to receive all my Portion of it before.

AIR II. [Lampugnani.]

Happy, trifling, careleſs Lover!
Think not you can touch my Heart,
'Till your Sighs your Tears diſcover
That you feel Love's keeneſt Dart.

When

When I ſee thee humbly lying
Captive of my conquering Eyes,
Weeping, ſighing, fainting, dying,
Such Submiſſion may ſuffice.

So ſevere the Lover's Duty,
Such the Trophies due to Beauty.

In ſhort, Mr. Bellafont, as you are ſo much devoted to your Eaſe, and I am ſo great a Lover of my Freedom, I fear we can never conveniently meet. I will venture, therefore, to take my Leave of you.—If you think fit to repoſe yourſelf after your Fatigues, I wou'd recommend a Seat in that Arbour to you; or, if you rather chuſe to take a ſolitary turn down that Walk, I promiſe you I will not interrupt your Meditations.

BELLAFONT.

Stay, I beſeech thee, Maria, if it is only 'till I can tell thee, that in Spite of all this cruel Indifference I am deſtined to adore thee.

MARIA.

All this is extremely well; but to be ſerious for a Moment.—Allow me to aſk you what reaſonable hope you can have that my Father will ever approve of your Pretenſions? and without his Conſent, I am apt to believe I ſhall never be deſperate enough to liſten to your Addreſſes.

BELLAFONT.

Why then, Maria, ſeriouſly I have no one Reaſon for hoping, but that I never in my Life cou'd deſpond; nor have I any Excuſe for the Folly of perſevering in my Addreſſes, except that I love you,

and have naturally a Paſſion for all extravagant Attempts. A Soldier of Fortune, the needy Son of a younger Brother, however noble his Extraction, can as ill expect to ſucceed with a Father of Sir Antony Withers's ſort, as think of aſpiring to a Lady of Maria's Merit and Beauty.—To delineate myſelf to you in one Word; my Family is noble; my Profeſſion more ſo; if I was not a Man of Honour I ſhou'd not be the Deſcendent of my Father, and if I was a Coward I cou'd not be a Briton.

MARIA.

To me, Bellafont, this may be Recommendation ſufficient; but my Father would aſk, "What are your "Poſſeſſions? where lies your Eſtate?"

BELLAFONT.

I have none: after having aſſiſted our Conqueſts in every Quarter of the World, I muſt confeſs that there is not one Foot of it which I can call my own; my Patrimony is my Sword.

MARIA.

A very honourable Inheritance for a ſingle Gentleman, but a mighty indifferent Jointure for a Wife!

BELLAFONT.

Had I the Poſſeſſions of my Uncle Lord Lovington, I ſhould with Pleaſure caſt them at your Feet; but a Booby Couſin excludes my Hopes there; and I reap no other Fruit from his Alliance, than the Conſolation to ſee that Avarice can make the richeſt Man as indigent, as Fortune has made me.—But what avails all this?—I forget it is to Maria I am ſpeaking, who has the Art to deſtroy the Peace of my Boſom, without endangering her own.

AIR

AIR III. [Boyce.]

See how the genial God of Day
Salutes the warm, the bluſhing Year;
Chear'd by his Beams, how bright, how gay,
The Fields, the Groves, the Flowers appear!

And hark! in yonder vocal Bower
The Turtle plies his amorous Theme,
All Nature owns Love's mighty Power,
And deeply drinks the quick'ning Beam.

And, tell me, do theſe Scenes impart
No friendly Warmth to thee alone?
Wilt thou nor give me back my Heart,
Nor yet repay me with thine own?

Ah! why wou'd Nature make thee fair,
And not diſpoſe thee to be kind?
To love, alas! is to deſpair,
And not to love is to be blind.

MARIA.

Huſh! for Heaven's ſake, here comes my Father, as faſt as his Legs can carry him. As you ſeem to think me ſo very difficult of Perſuaſion, I will leave you to try your Rhetoric with him; tho', if I might adviſe, you had better make a haſty Retreat: for my own Part I ſhall eſcape as faſt as I am able.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

BELLAFONT *withdraws to the back Scene.* Sir ANT. WITHERS *enters.*

A fine Morning! — Surely I heard a ſinging ſomewhere hereabouts in the Grove: — No; 'twas only the Field-keepers ſcaring the Rooks from the Grain; or the Hogs perhaps ſerenading each other in the Peaſe and Beans. — Let me ſee; I've ſtroll'd a good way from the Houſe; I'll ev'n ſit down a while, and purſue my Morning's Meditation. Well, 'tis a ſtrange Caſe; but I never can repoſe myſelf on this Seat without calling to mind poor dear Lady Withers: Ah! ſhe's dead and gone; but I know not, if one of us muſt needs have been taken off, perhaps 'tis as well for me to be left behind. In the mean time I have provided that, when I am call'd away, the World ſhall have as little a miſs of me as may be: here is my Succedaneum; in this Journal every important Occurrence in my Life is methodically recorded: I do much wonder that the great Men of the Time will not be at the ſame pains, rather than truſt their Characters to the Mercy of other People's Pens; o' my Word, Poſterity may chance to view their Actions in quite another Light from what they ſee them in themſelves.

BELLAFONT *advances.*

I am in doubt whether I ſhall accoſt him or not; he has a confounded forbidding Countenance.

SIR ANTONY.

Suppoſe I caſt my Eye over my Morning's Work. Ay! here it is. — [*Puts on his Spectacles.*] "Auguſt the "25th. — Wind South-Weſt by Weſt; that is, a "little to the South of the Weſt." (Right, it is ſo.) "Ther-

" Thermometer, Seventy-three Degrees and a half, " by Farenheit's Scale." (Fuh!) " Peter tells me " it was misty at Sun-rise; Prognostic of a hot " Day." (Wak'd as usual with my old Sinkings; never right, when the Glass is below changeable.) Ah! Sir Anthony! Sir Anthony!

BELLAFONT.

Sir Antony Withers, I'm your most humble Servant.

SIR ANTONY.

Sir!——[*starting.*]

BELLAFONT.

I beg pardon for interrupting your Meditations, but my Business being somewhat urgent—

SIR ANTONY.

Let it be what it will, Sir, this Surprize is not very civil; by my Say-so! it has disorder'd me not a little.

BELLAFONT.

What a fantastical old Prig it is! [*Aside.*] Is any thing the Matter with you pray? [*Speaking loud.*]

SIR ANTONY.

Lud! Man; don't hollow so—My Nerves won't bear it.—But who are you? whence come you? what's your Business here?

BELLAFONT.

My Business, as I told you, Sir, is with you.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, let us hear it; it gives a Man an Air of Consequence to be short with a Stranger. [*Aside.*

BELLAFONT.

Sir Antony Withers, you have a Daughter—

SIR ANTONY.

Granted!—This Fellow has surely been list'ning.

BELLAFONT.

Her Name, as I think, is Maria.—

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

It is ſo.—I hope he did not overhear the laſt Item, however.

BELLAFONT.

I have ſeen her, and convers'd with her: a moſt angelic Lady ſhe is!

SIR ANTONY.

I cannot ſay I am of that Opinion.

BELLAFONT.

It is on her Account I trouble you with this Viſit.

SIR ANTONY.

Humph! I gueſs'd as much.—I'll tell you what, Sir; if you will turn down by that Horn-beam Hedge on your Right Hand, and keep ſtrait along the Walk, 'twill bring you at the Bottom of it to the Garden-Gate—you'll find it open.—Pleaſe to betake yourſelf from my Premiſſes, and let me never ſee your Face any more.

AIR IV.* [Arnold.]

There lies your Road—ſweet Sir, adieu!
My Daughter is no Match for you:
She's gone from home; ſhe's ſick; ſhe's dead;
In ſhort, ſhe vows ſhe will not wed
To any Gentleman in Red.

Nay, never frown, and look ſo bluff,
You're fairly ſped; you've ſaid enough.
The Man who lets fly Reynard looſe
When once he's caught him in his Nooſe,
Richly deſerves to loſe his Gooſe.

* N. B. The Airs marked thus are compoſed for this Occaſion.

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

I muſt needs tell you, Sir Antony, that this is a very abrupt manner of diſmiſſing a Man before you know who he is: tho' I am a perfect Stranger to you myſelf, I have an Uncle, Lord Lovington, who I believe is not unknown to you.

SIR ANTONY.

Lord Lovington, ſay you? And have you the Preſumption, Sir, to rival your Uncle?

BELLAFONT.

Rival my Uncle?— What is it you mean?

SIR ANTONY.

Why, Sir, my Lord Lovington is an honourable Admirer of my Girl Maria, whom you are pleaſed to call by ſo many fine Names.

BELLAFONT.

Is he ſo? Ridiculous old Dotard! [*Aſide.*] Oh! yes, Sir Antony, I am perfectly well acquainted with my Uncle's Paſſion for Miſs Withers; ſhe has Beauty enough to make Old Age forget its Infirmities: no one can ſee her, and be inſenſible to her Charms.

SIR ANTONY.

I apprehend, Sir, you are under a miſtake; Lord Lovington has never yet ſet Eyes on Maria: it is to my good Friend Mr. Shifter's Report of my Daughter, that ſhe owes the honour he does her by his Addreſſes: no doubt you are acquainted with his Peculiarities; but he is immenſely rich; and, altho' I am an utter Stranger to his Perſon, yet I am determined my Girl ſhall pay implicit Obedience to his Will and mine: for as much an Angel as ſhe is, I don't think her a bit too good to marry a Lord.

BELLAFONT.

Egad! I muſt change my Battery; a ſudden Thought ſtrikes me. [*Aſide.*] Sir Antony, I am overjoyed at what I hear; I ſhall fly to my Uncle, and tell him what Reſolutions you have taken in his Favour — 'Twill be joyful News to him.

SIR ANTONY.

Hold, hold! what is all this Haſte? You are overjoy'd, and you ſhall fly to your Uncle; how is all this? By my ſay-ſo! I could have ſworn you had been ſoliciting for your ſelf.

BELLAFONT.

For myſelf? Ha! ha! ha! And that was the Reaſon you received me ſo very coldly!

SIR ANTONY.

It was ſo. Ha! ha! ha! [*Mimicking him.*

BELLAFONT.

Very good truly! — Why, Sir, my Uncle himſelf is on the way hither; I do but come before by his Lordſhip's Orders to prepare you and the young Lady for his Reception.

SIR ANTONY.

What ſay you? Is my Lord Lovington coming hither to my Houſe? Good lack! good lack! why where are all my People?

BELLAFONT.

Oh! Sir, give yourſelf no trouble; my Uncle you know is in Years, and travels ſlowly: you will have Time enough to get every thing in Readineſs.

SIR ANTONY.

So, ſo, ſo! this is excellent News! How things turn out! Sir, I heartily aſk Pardon for the Reception I gave you; but to ſay Truth, ſeeing an Officer in my Garden, I took it into my Head that you was one Capt. Bellafont, who frequents theſe Parts.

BELLAFONT.

Bellafont? Who is he, pray?

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

Oh! Sir, Capt. Bellafont is an idle, impertinent—but in ſhort he is not worth our talking of. — He has the Confidence to make Love to Maria; but I have given the Girl a Leſſon upon that Subject, and I can aſſure you ſhe has no ſort of Regard or Eſteem—

BELLAFONT.

Indeed, Sir?

SIR ANTONY.

Indeed. His Lordſhip may be perfectly at Eaſe upon that Head. But come my dear Mr.—— Sir, ſhall I crave your Name?

BELLAFONT.

Lovemore, Sir, at your Service. — But I muſt take my leave: I have my Uncle's poſitive Commands to return.—He is impatient to know if his Viſit will be acceptable, and will be tranſported with the Account I ſhall bring him.

AIR V. [Arnold.]

With theſe happy Tidings fraught,
I muſt hence as quick as Thought;
Ere the Sun ſhall diſappear,
Expect to find a Suitor here.

See yon aged Elm around
With the twining Ivy bound;
In that Emblem you behold
How the Young adorn the Old. [*Exit.*

SIR ANTONY *alone.*

A good ſenſible, well-bred, decent kind of Man, and ſings a good Song. Well, if I can get this Girl

married and out of the way, the greateſt Trouble of my Life will be over.— And a Counteſs too! My Family begins to want a ſtrain of Nobility to lighten the Breed.—In former Times it was ſcarce to be had for Love or Money (as they ſay) but now we Commoners come in for a pretty plentiful ſhare of it, and ſome of us at a reaſonable Rate too. [Clara *paſſes over the Stage in the Back Scene followed by* Henry *carrying her Cloak*, &c.] Why there now? there's that Wench Clara! that Girl is another of my Plagues.— The bewitching Jade! ſhe has ſcarce been a Month in this Neighbourhood, and yet — [*She appears again.*] Ay, there ſhe goes again; yes, curtſey, do you roguiſh Huſſey! What does that Clown Henry do for ever at her Heels? The Fellow guards her as warily as a Shepherd's Cur does his Maſter's Hut.—She's gone towards the Houſe; I'll ſlip down this Walk and meet her.— Well, if I light on her alone, I'll tell her a Piece of my Mind.—And yet this confounded oppreſſive Weather!—I wou'd the Glaſs wou'd riſe!

[*Goes down a Side Walk.*

SCENE III.

CLARA *and* HENRY *enter again.*

CLARA.

Do, good Henry, take my Cloak and Pattens, and wait for me at the Garden Gate; we ſhall very likely meet the old Knight again in our way to the Houſe, and I know he won't be pleaſed with ſeeing thee in the Garden.

HENRY.

Let him chuſe; ſo long as I can be of any Service to you, I don't mind his Huffing.

CLARA.

CLARA.

Thank you, Henry, but there can be no ſort of Danger.

HENRY.

The Yard-dog may frighten you; and if I was by, I ſhou'd be apt to gee him a flick, for all his Worſhip.

CLARA.

No, no; he's always tied up in the Day-time, and you know there are no other Dogs belonging to the Houſe, but little Shock, and he has got no Teeth.

HENRY.

Well, I ſhou'd be ſorry to have any thing happen, and I not at hand to aſſiſt you.—But I won't be troubleſome; I hope I know better than ſo.—I'll take your Things then with me, and ſtay at the Gate we came in at.

CLARA.

Do ſo my Lad; I'll ſoon return.

HENRY.

Oh! as for the matter of that, uſe your pleaſure; don't think much of my Time; I can't ſpend it better than in ſerving you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Sir ANTONY *calls to* CLARA *as ſhe is going out.*

Hiſt! Clara! Mrs. Clara! Hem! Whither away ſo faſt, pretty Maid?

CLARA.

Oh! Sir Antony, I beg pardon; I was ſtepping to the Houſe to enquire for Mrs. Olivia, who I underſtand is there.

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

Well, well, Mrs. Olivia won't be gone, and I ſhou'd be glad to ſpeak a few Words to thee, that's all.

CLARA.

What are your Commands, pray Sir?

SIR ANTONY.

I don't know what to ſay!— Why do you look ſo grave, Child? How do the good People, where you board, behave to you? I hope my Tenant Farmer Greygooſe and his Family do their beſt to pleaſe you; I ſhou'd be much offended with them if they did not.

CLARA.

Oh! Sir, they are the beſt Folks in the World, and the moſt obliging.

SIR ANTONY.

I hope you have recovered the Accident that has confined you in theſe Parts; the Hurt that you received by the Fall from your Horſe, I mean— (Ceremony upon theſe occaſions is nothing more than a civil Excuſe for not being rude.) [*Aſide.*

CLARA.

Perfectly, I thank you, Sir Antony; inſomuch that I think of taking leave of the Farmer this very Day.

SIR ANTONY.

Marry Heaven forbid it! You wou'd not leave us, Clara; you muſt not—— Stay, ſtay!—I have ſomething to ſay to you — Odſlids! what am I going to do? —Why I was thinking— Gadsbud! ſure I am running mad.

AIR VI. [Potenza.]

My Paſſion confounds me,
Such Beauty ſurrounds me,
Such numberleſs Charms:
I gaze, I deſire,
My blood is on fire,
Oh! come to my Arms!

CLARA.

Alas! poor Gentleman, I am afraid you are not well: Do, dear Sir, retire to your Chamber; wrap your Head up warm; your Imagination has been greatly heated.—Shall I call any body to help you into the Houſe, Sir?

AIR VII.

O naughty naughty Garden!
What ail'd me to come in it?
I pray your Worſhip pardon,
I muſt away this Minute.
I muſt away;
Farewell! good Day!
Sir Antony, *pray, excuſe me:*
The more a Damſel views thee,
The ſurer ſhe'll refuſe thee.
Nay, let me paſs;
Oh fie! alas!
You'd nearly caught a Fall, Sir:
Good lack? if this be all, Sir,
I'll be within your Call, Sir. [*Exit.*

SIR ANTONY *alone.*

Well, go thy ways for this Time.—What a twitter has this put me into, and all to no purpoſe!—I did not think ſhe cou'd have reſiſted me; but, all things conſider'd, perhaps, 'tis better as it is; ſince 'tis more than probable, I might have found it eaſier to conquer her Scruples, than my own. Well; had it turn'd out to my Wiſh, I might have enrich'd my Diary with an Item of ſome Conſequence; but as it is, it's likely to prove a mere Cypher in the Account.

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Sir ANTONY's *Houſe.*

OLIVIA, MARIA.

OLIVIA.

Depend upon it, Couſin Maria, 'tis as I tell you: your Heart is further engaged than you imagine. You love this Bellafont without knowing it.

MARIA.

Now cou'd I hate you, Olivia, heartily for diſcovering a Secret, that I wiſhed to have concealed from all the World; nay, if poſſible, from myſelf: But I was telling you of our laſt Adventure in the Garden; I own I am impatient to know how he got off from my Father.

OLIVIA.

Why indeed, my dear Child, when I think of your Father in this Affair, I own I tremble for you. I have known my old Friend and Neighbour too long to believe that any Merit can prevail with him, which has neither a Title to flatter his Vanity, nor Wealth to bribe his Avarice.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Heigh ho! I begin to perceive I have play'd the Fool.

AIR VIII. [Bertoni.]

O Love, tyrannic God, whoſe fatal Dart
Subdues all Nature to its proud Controul;
I feel thy vengeful Shaft tranſfix my Heart,
And yield to thee the Empire of my Soul.

OLIVIA.

Well, Maria, you are not the firſt Daughter who has ventur'd to diſſent from her Father in the Choice of a Lover. And why not diſſent?—I am perſuaded Nature means our Inclinations to be free, tho' Law enſlaves them.—So that after all, if you have fixt your Affections on Captain Bellafont—

MARIA.

O frightful!—Fixt my Affections, Madam?—

OLIVIA.

Come, come, you are too honeſt to be a Coquette: Friendſhip and Affinity give me a Right to know your Heart, and make your Concerns and thoſe of your Family in a Manner my own. You know I have no Cares in this Life, but for your Brother and you: he, poor Lad, has unhappily fallen in Love with Amelia Hartley, who it ſeems has prefer'd another before him, and is, as I hear, married.

MARIA.

So he writes me Word; but he is expected every Hour, and we ſhall then hear the whole of this unlucky Affair.

OLIVIA.

Well, be that as it will; he had his Preference, and confeſs'd it. Your Father too, as old and as wiſe

as he is, if I am not ſhrewdly miſtaken, is not entirely void of partiality towards a certain Perſon.

MARIA.

Oh! you mean the young Woman that we are all fond of, who lodges at the Farm-houſe here.

OLIVIA.

The ſame; Clara.

MARIA.

Why indeed I believe your Suſpicions are not ill founded. But ſhe is a charming Girl, that muſt be confeſs'd: So modeſt, ſo well bred; I am perſuaded there is ſomething in her Story more than common.

OLIVIA

I have always thought ſo.—But you ſee by this, Maria, how the reſt of your Family have diſpos'd of themſelves. Captain Bellafont is a Man of Honour, and worthy a ſenſible Woman's Eſteem; you need not therefore bluſh at the Choice: and tho' I ſhou'd be the laſt Perſon to inſpire you with Principles of Diſobedience, or to ſupport you in them, yet whenever you appeal to me from the Perſecution of a capricious Parent, who wou'd aſſume a Right to make you wretched, my Houſe, my Fortune ſhall be open to your Uſe.

MARIA.

Generous Olivia! how can I ever repay you ſufficient thanks?—

PETER *enters.*

Madam, his Honour wou'd have you come to him in the Library directly.

MARIA.

Very well, Peter, tell my Father I'll wait on him.—[*Exit* Peter.] So! ſo! I ſhall have a fine Lecture I warrant you.

OLIVIA.

Come Maria, keep up your Spirits; I am perſuaded things will turn out well at laſt.—Go to your Father: don't be violent in oppoſing his Inclinations; Time will preſent ſome Opportunity of evading them.—Above all things, my dear, I wou'd have you take no raſh Reſolutions againſt Matrimony; let my Example deter you.

AIR IX. [Howard.]

Dear Girl, never truſt to thy Charms,
Youth's fugitive Seaſon improve;
Oh! take the dear Man to thine Arms,
Nor bluſh at an innocent Love.

Too ſoon and that ſweet roſy Bloom,
That elegant Form ſhall decay;
That Hair like the Raven's dark plume
Shall be ſilvering over with grey.

The Fops that now flutter around
Shall find ſome more favourite fair;
Whilſt you drop deſpis'd to the Ground
With Envy conſum'd and Deſpair.

Then liſt to the Counſel I give
And be not by Flatt'ry betray'd;
Leſt you ſhou'd be fated to live
Like me a neglected old Maid.

[*Exit* Maria.

SCENE VI.

As OLIVIA *is going out ſhe is met by* CLARA.

OLIVIA, CLARA.

CLARA.

Madam, ſhall I entreat your Patience for a few Minutes?—

OLIVIA.

Moſt readily, Child: what are your Commands?

CLARA.

I am an unhappy Woman; and as ſuch have a Claim to your Compaſſion.

OLIVIA.

I have conceived a very good Opinion of you, Clara, and am ſincerely ſorry for any Misfortune that may have happened to you. I hope the Hurt that you received by your Fall has had no worſe Effects than you at firſt apprehended.

CLARA.

Alas! Madam, my Injuries are of a different Nature. The Fall that I feigned to have receiv'd from my Horſe, as I was travelling homewards, was nothing more than a contrived Excuſe for concealing myſelf in theſe Parts. In ſhort, Madam, I am not what I ſeem.

OLIVIA.

That I have long ſuſpected, tho' I forbore to be inquiſitive.

CLARA.

You muſt know then, Madam, that I am a Woman of good Birth and conſiderable Fortune; my Name Amelia,

Amelia, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley. Perſecuted by my Family, who wou'd have driven me into the Arms of a Man, who is my mortal Averſion, I have taken refuge here, under the Diſguiſe that you now ſee me wear.

OLIVIA.

Really, Miſs Hartley, your Diſtreſſes affect me, and I think you juſtified in the Step you have taken. Give me leave to aſk you what Preference directed you to this Neighbourhood?

AMELIA.

Alas! Madam, your Queſtion is a natural one, but the ſevereſt that can be aſked me. What Preference directed me hither? 'tis was a Paſſion ſo deeply rooted in my Heart, that no Time, no Injury can diſplace it. 'Twas Love.—How ſhall I excuſe it to you?—Unhappy, diſappointed Love.—O Frederick, Frederick! dear falſe forgetful Youth!

AIR X. [Ruſſell.]

While on Earth's ſoft Lap deſcending
Lightly falls the feather'd Snow;
Nature awefully attending
Each rude Wind forbids to blow.

White and pure awhile appearing,
Earth her Virgin Mantle wears;
Soon the fickle Seaſon veering,
Her deluded Boſom bares.

Thus my fooliſh Heart believing,
Liſten'd to his artful Tongue;
All his Vows of Love receiving,
On each flattering Accent hung.

"*Fondly*

Fondly for a Time miſtaken
Love and Joy conceal'd my Fate;
Now alas! at length forſaken,
Sad Experience comes too late."

OLIVIA.

What do I hear? Was Frederick, was young Withers thus ingrateful, thus inſenſible? Let me hope, Amelia, there is ſome Miſapprehenſion in this Matter: I know his Intimacy with your Brother, and that he made him a Viſit this Summer of ſome Continuance.

AMELIA.

It was then, Madam, that my poor Boſom loſt that peaceful Indifference it had ever before enjoyed. My Family were then in Treaty with the Perſon I mentioned to you before: intoxicated with his extravagant offers, they omitted no Meaſures to engage me to accept his Addreſſes; nay they were deſperate enough to employ Frederick to ſolicit me: but alas! their Advocate ruined their Cauſe; my Heart firſt conceived a Diſtaſte to Lord Wealthy, and the Interpoſition of Young Withers confirm'd me in my Averſion.

OLIVIA.

But did Frederick betray his Commiſſion by turning it to his own Advantage?

AMELIA.

I cannot charge him with that Diſhonour; therein I muſt condemn myſelf: it was my own fond unguarded Heart that told him too plainly what it felt; till one fatal moment my Father ſurpriz'd him kneeling at my Feet, and the next tranſported him from my Sight for ever.

OLIVIA.

OLIVIA.

Your Relation, my dear Amelia, is truly pitiable; but as you know not what Motives Frederick had for ſo abruptly leaving you, ſo I think you cannot poſitively charge him with Infidility.

AMELIA.

Dear Madam, how kindly you conſole me! I own to you I have ſome Hopes that Frederick ſtill remembers me, and ſtill loves me: thoſe Hopes conducted me hither; I find he is this Day expected home; this Event and Sir Antony's ridiculous Aſſiduities make it no longer poſſible for me to conceal myſelf at his Tenant's. I muſt therefore retire till by ſome means I can diſcover the real State of Frederick's Heart. What I have to entreat of you, Madam, is, for a ſhort Time to afford me the Protection of your Houſe.

OLIVIA.

Moſt gladly, my dear, let us betake ourſelves thither this Inſtant, before he comes and ſurprizes you. I will find means of explaining your Departure to Maria. Come, my Chariot is now at the Door.

AMELIA.

Permit me, Madam, to ſtep as far as the Garden Gate, and excuſe myſelf to the young Farmer, who is waiting for me there with my Cloak: I'll make haſte and attend you.

OLIVIA.

At your own Time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Outside of Sir ANTONY's *Garden:* HENRY *is discover'd fitting and compoſing a Garland of Flowers; he riſes.*

I have made free with ſome of his Worſhip's Flowers; there is no Robbery in that I truſt. She ſtays a long while methinks! ſure no Accident has betided her! I am fit to think his old Honour does not bear an honeſt Mind towards her; he is always hankering about our Houſe, and I am ſure, before Mrs. Clara was with us, he never us'd to come to Father's, except upon Rent-day. I don't know what ails me; I am not half the Lad I was awhile ago; I neither eat, nor ſleep, nor work as I us'd to do; and as for Wakes and Paſtimes and ſuch like, lackaday! I have no longer any Heart for them, or any thing elſe.

AIR XI. [Lampe.]

Why heaves my Breaſt with frequent ſighs?
Whence riſes this ſoft Perturbation?
In vain my Heart each Effort tries
To combat its fond Inclination.
How helpleſs am I!
Where ſhall I fly?
Where ſhall poor Henry *for Succour apply?*
So fixt is the Dart,
Too feeble my Art
To aſſuage the unſpeakable Smart.

AMELIA

AMELIA *enters.*

HENRY.

Oh! ifackins! I am glad you are come, Mrs. Clara: Look here; I have been plaiting a Garland for you to wear at the Harveſt-Home to-night, if you are ſo minded to accept it.

AMELIA.

Thank thee, Henry; I'll wear it for thy ſake.

HENRY.

That's kind now.—But come, will you be walking homewards: Father and Mother will wonder what's become of us.

AMELIA.

Alas! Henry, I came to bid you farewel. Some Reaſons which I can't explain to you, oblige me to take a haſty Leave of your Father and Mother, and depart this Night. Well, Henry, give me my Things. —Commend me kindly to the good Folks; tell them I'll call in the Evening, and ſettle Matters with them to their Satisfaction: — as for thee, my good Lad, I deſire you will accept this Purſe; I hope it will compenſate for the Trouble I have given thee, and the Ill-will thou haſt got from thy Landlord on my Account. —Why, what doſt weep for, Henry?

HENRY.

My Heart's too full to tell you; and I want Underſtanding to expreſs myſelf—but tho' I am a poor Lad, I ſcorn to be a mean one, and take Money. No, Mrs. Clara, I wou'd not touch your Purſe, if it was full of Diamond-Jewels. I ſee you deſpiſe me by your Offer.

AMELIA.

Far from it, Henry, believe me; nor will I preſs it further upon you, as I ſee it hurts you.

HENRY.

It does indeed—and not that only, but your leaving us, Mrs. Clara. I know it won't arguefy what ſuch a ſimple Clown as I am can ſay to a Perſon of your Breeding—but I beſeech you to tell me, wherein Father or Mother, or I have offended you! If any thing's amiſs, that they can remedy, they'll be proud to do it, I'll vouch for them—and as for me, if I be in Fault, I aſk your Pardon heartily on my Knees.

AMELIA.

Nothing is amiſs, nothing. Kneel not to me, young Man; your Humility, your Tenderneſs oppreſſes me. Neither thou, nor thy Father, nor Mother, nor any of you have ever offended me: on the contrary, I owe you all, (eſpecially thee, Henry) my Thanks for a thouſand Services, which are ten times more valuable, as I am ſure they ſpring from your Heart.

HENRY.

'Tis enough: I ſubmit. May Heaven protect you wherever you go!

AIR XII. Duetto. [Cocchi.]

Henry. } *And muſt we*
Amelia. } *Yes we muſt* } *part for ever;*

Hard Fate! ſuch Friends to ſever,
So faithful and ſo true:
Go, and may Bliſs betide thee!
Each guardian Angel guide thee;
For evermore Adieu!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

An Apartment in Sir ANTONY's *Houſe.* FREDERICK *and* MARIA *meeting.*

FREDERICK.

My dear Siſter!—— [*Embracing her.*

MARIA.

My dear Brother!—I am rejoiced to ſee you returned; why, what a Stranger have you been to us, Frederick!

FREDERICK.

A Stranger indeed! not to you only, but to myſelf, to Peace of Mind, and Contentment.

MARIA.

Alackaday! poor melancholy Lover! What, fallen out with the World before you are well got into it? How ſtrangely Love has transformed you! ſtill ſighing for Amelia Hartley?

FREDERICK.

Oh! name her not! did you but know what I daily ſuffer for that lovely falſe one, you wou'd pity me.

MARIA.

Is it poſſible you can be weak enough ſtill to indulge a Paſſion for Amelia, who you know has actually given her Hand to Lord Wealthy?

FREDERICK.

So I am informed by her Brother—but alas! Maria, you talk like a happy Novice, like one a Stranger to the Pains I feel; had you the leaſt Notion of Love, or had ever ſeen her blooming Youth and Beauty; had you heard her lively innocent Wit, or been a Witneſs to her ſoft, ſweet, engaging Temper, you wou'd own with me, that her Charms were irreſiſtible

AIR XIII. [Count St. Germain.]

O fatal Day to my Repoſe,
When firſt I ſaw the faithleſs Fair;
No Peace my wretched Boſom knows,
I love, alas! and I deſpair.

MARIA.

My dear Frederick, was I in a Humour for Mirth, how I cou'd laugh at you now! but alas! you are not the only unfortunate one of your Family: tho' you think I have ſo little Notion of Love, perhaps, Brother, I may be able to give a gueſs at it; and o' my Conſcience, I think it a very ſorrowful Matter for a Girl of my Age and Spirit, to be condemned to the Arms of a Man of Threeſcore.

FREDERICK.

What do you mean? You to be married to a Man of Threeſcore?

MARIA.

So my good prudent Father has decreed it; and I have this Moment received the fatal Sentence from his Lips. Judge therefore whoſe Fate is the hardeſt; yours, in being deprived of the Woman you admire, or mine, in being deſtin'd to the Man I abhor?

FREDERICK.

But to whom, for Heav'n's ſake, has he deſtin'd thee?

MARIA.

One you never ſaw, Lord Lovington.

FREDERICK.

Fortune defend you from his Embraces! I know his Nephew Captain Bellafont intimately, and have been many times entertained with his Account of his Uncle's

Uncle's ridiculous Humours.—Is it poſſible my Father can be ſerious?

MARIA.

Serious? why he is abſolute; and his Lordſhip is expected this very Day.

FREDERICK.

Then Sir Antony has not ſeen him?—

MARIA.

Never.

FREDERICK.

Fear nothing then; for the Sight of him cannot fail to frighten away theſe abſurd Reſolutions in his Favour. Why, Child, he looks like a Courtier of Oliver Cromwell's; and is in every Particular both of Manners, Dreſs and Addreſs, a Character of as different a Caſt from our finical Father's as poſſible.

MARIA.

I'm glad of it.—But you ſaid you knew his Nephew, Captain Bellafont; what is he? of a Piece with his Uncle?

FREDERICK.

The very reverſe; I do not know a more honeſt, good-humour'd, ſprightly Fellow, and with a Heart as full of Courage as it can hold: his Failings are all either of the ſocial or the amorous Sort; and I know no good Thing he wants, but more Diſcretion, and a better Fortune.

MARIA.

So, ſo!—

FREDERICK.

Well, but you don't intend to obey my Father, if he ſhou'd be ſo perverſe.—

MARIA.

Obey him, Frederick! no, I promiſe thee I ſhall not, while there is a Window in his Houſe to jump out at, and a Man in the World to catch me. If he

was

was Father and Mother both, I ſhou'd think my Happineſs rather too great a Compliment to make him.

FREDERICK.

Well ſaid, Maria; your Reſolution gives me Spirits; but I will retire to my Chamber, and get off this travelling Dreſs, before I ſee my Father and his grave Son-in-Law.

MARIA.

Do ſo. [*Exit* Frederick.] Well, Maria, how is it with thee now? This Bellafont will be too hard for thee at laſt. My Brother's Report has done his Cauſe no little Service. Marry! beſhrew the Fellow! Of all Things in the World, what I wiſh moſt to avoid, is falling in Love; and methinks I take every Method of throwing myſelf in its Way.

AIR XIV. [Arne.]

Ah! what can defend a poor Maiden from Love?
Ye Prudes, your Expedient impart,
This pleaſing Intruder how ſhall I remove,
And guard the ſoft Paſs to my Heart?

Of Mothers and Wives how wretched the Lives,
Your's alone is the ſenſible Plan;
They only are bleſt like you who deteſt
That horrible Creature call'd Man.

But when at our Feet the fond Wretches we view,
How can one refuſe 'em,
Or ſcornfully uſe 'em?
Ah! was it your Caſe, ye coy Virgins, cou'd you?

END *of the* FIRST ACT.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Table ſet out with Wine, Pipes, &c. Captain BELLAFONT *enters with* FERDINAND *his Servant carrying a Bundle of Cloaths.*

FERDINAND.

AND ſo, Sir, you think by dreſſing yourſelf in this old Trumpery, to paſs yourſelf upon Madam Maria for your Uncle Lord Lovington? The Lord have Mercy upon ſome People's Heads!

[*Throwing the Cloaths on a Chair.*

BELLAFONT.

I ſhall have no Mercy upon thine, Puppy, if you run on at this rate. But ſince you aſſume by Right immemorial a Licence of ſpeaking to me what you pleaſe, and how you pleaſe, let me know why in your great Wiſdom you object to this Scheme of mine; which, to ſay the Truth, was the Reſult of Neceſſity rather than Invention.

FERDINAND.

Why I object to it, Maſter of mine, — for every Reaſon under Heaven. Firſt and foremoſt for the weightieſt of all Reaſons, becauſe I did not propoſe it myſelf.—In ſhort, I object to it as a Soldier, a Politician, a Lawyer and a Chriſtian.

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

Since I have nothing better upon my hands at preſent, I will indulge you in your prating. Tell me why you object to it as a Soldier? [*Sitting down.*

FERDINAND.

Becauſe as a Soldier it wou'd become you better to carry her away *Vi et Armis* (as the Saying is) and not to ſneak off with her in this pitiful Diſguiſe. You know I adviſed you to make an Iriſh Wedding of it, and I have ſtation'd our old Comrade Paddy O Connor at hand here to aſſiſt you.

BELLAFONT.

A notable Contrivance truly! but I wou'd have you to know, Mr. Wiſeacre, that I neither mean to force or trepan Maria into a Marriage; nor have I any other Deſign in this Diſguiſe, than an innocent Experiment. My Uncle, it ſeems, is Dotard enough to determine upon paying his Addreſſes to her, and her Father is Coxcomb enough to ſacrifice her to his Vanity; I therefore do no Party any real Injury, and may be the Means of reſcuing her from Unhappineſs.

FERDINAND.

And, which is more to the Purpoſe, a reduced Commander, with his faithful, honeſt, brave, but hungry Servant, from immediate Ruin and Decay. O Glory! Glory! thou haſt undone both me and my Maſter. In ſhort, Sir, have her I wou'd, and the ſhorteſt Way is the beſt Way. As for this Scheme of perſonating Lord Lovington, I think her too worldly to marry you in your own Character, and too wiſe to have any thing to ſay to you in your Uncle's; beſides, ſhe'll diſcover you and expoſe you.—And theſe were my Objections as a Politician.—As to what I had to offer as a Lawyer and a Chriſtian, as they are Characters

racters which have nothing at all to do with each other, I will have nothing at all to do with them; and ſo I ſhall beg leave, Sir, to ſing you a Song, that I learnt of an Iriſh Benedictine at St. Pierre's.—

AIR XV.

Ye ſwains ſo faint-hearted, who ſigh for the Fair,
So brim-full of Love, but of Money ſo bare;
Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout, who make Slaughter your Trade,
Who ſtand to a Man, but who fly from a Maid:
Wou'd you conquer alike both the Fair and the Foe,
Strike home my dear Honey! and follow your Blow;
If the Damſel conſents, take her ſtrait in the Mood,
If not, gently force her, 'tis all for her Good.

SCENE II.

A knocking at the Door. SHIFTER *to them.*

BELLAFONT.

Run to the Door, Sirrah!—I expect Maſter Shifter the Attorney, who will be a neceſſary Inſtrument in my Deſign; and here he comes.—Maſter Shifter, I am heartily glad to ſee you; Sit down I pray you, Maſter Shifter.—Ferdinand, fill this honeſt Gentleman a Glaſs of Wine.

SHIFTER.

So, ſo; enough, young Man, enough! Captain, ſhall I crave your Buſineſs?—Time is precious—Life is but ſhort—A Man is but a Man.—Torn to Pieces, as one may ſay,—pull'd Limb from Limb—up and

down—about and about.—Fuh! [*Pulling off his Wig and wiping his Head.*] It cannot laſt for ever; it cannot laſt for ever. Sir, my humble Service to you.

[*Drinks, and begins to fill his Pipe.*

BELLAFONT.

Maſter Shifter, I have a little Matter of Buſineſs wherein I want your Aſſiſtance; and as I take you for a friendly—good-humour'd—honeſt—obliging Fellow, I make no doubt of your complying with my Requeſt.

[*As* Bellafont *repeats the Terms, friendly, &c. &c.* Shifter *at each Word removes his Chair further from him.*

SHIFTER.

Humph! I gueſs your meaning, Captain; and I believe there is no Man in the Country Practice that has better Notions of Friendſhip and Honeſty, and all that, than myſelf; and when it lies in my way to do a good turn (that is, upon Conſideration) I am always glad to do it; but Buſineſs muſt be followed, ſometimes here, ſometimes there. —The World is the World, and Money makes the Man.—Apropos! I ſuppoſe your Occaſions look that Way; but, alack-aday! the Country's drain'd—the Nation's undone—Taxes upon Taxes—ſuch a ſight of Red Coats to pay, and not a Guinea ſtirring; not a Guinea ſtirring.—Hark! I am called away.—Captain, I'll take my leave; not a Drop more, I thank you.

[*Gets up to go.*

BELLAFONT.

Hold, hold, Maſter Shifter, miſtake me not; I don't want to borrow, but to give away.

[*Shaking his Purſe.*

AIR

AIR XVI. [Arnold.]

Look back, behold!
The ſhining Gold;
Come, take, and freely uſe it,
Hark! hark, it chinks!
Sweet Sound; methinks
No Lawyer can refuſe it.

See! here's a Bribe
For half your Tribe,
And will you then be jogging?
'Tis generous Wine,
How bright! how fine!
Come, take another Noggin.

I ſee you relent
'Tis enough, be content;
Two ſuch pleaſing Allurements what Saint can withſtand,
The Glaſs at the Lips, and the Gold in the Hand?

FERDINAND.

Lord help you, Mr. Shifter, you little think what a World of Wealth my Maſter is poſſeſt of. He borrow? No, no; he never can want Money any more. Why, don't you know he ſerved all the laſt War, and has got a matter of Thirty Pounds of his own proper Earnings, and 'tis all in a Purſe there?

SHIFTER.

Maſter Ferdinand, a Man will ſometimes miſtake; every thing (do you apprehend me?) has two Handles, a right one and a wrong.

FERDINAND *aſide.*

And if you have two Ears, Maſter Shifter, take care I don't pull one of them off, before this Day's at an End.—Sure my Maſter won't give him his purſe; I know he has not a Fellow to it in the World. [*Aſide.*

SHIFTER.

Well, Captain Bellafont, what is your Will? this Affair I muſt own *prima facie* look'd a little unpromiſing; but that Purſe has a very agreeable Sound with it; ſhall I examine the Contents?

AIR XVII. [Granom.]

'Tis agreed; ſay no more;
All my Scruples are o'er;
I am your's, my Lad, Body and Soul:
Thus for better, for worſe,
I join Hands with your Purſe;
And I warrant I'll manage the whole.

Fill a Glaſs, my brave Boy!
What is Honour?—A Toy:
What is Honeſty, Friendſhip or Fame?
Give me Gold and all theſe,
I can buy when I pleaſe,
And put beggarly Virtue to ſhame.

Politicans, they ſay,
Only ſtruggle for Pay,
Each one puts up his Conſcience to Sale;
And the Patriot ſo nice,
When you bid to his Price,
May be your's for the turn of the Scale.

Then draw out your Hoard,
Count it down on the Board,
To refuſe it I won't be ſo mad;
Since there can be no doubt,
Shou'd one Lawyer hold out,
But that more of the Trade may be had.

BELLAFONT.

Well done, well done! the Money ſhall be all thine without lett or hindrance, every Guinea of it—upon certain Conſiderations, my Friend.

SHIFTER.

What are they, Captain? what are they?

BELLAFONT.

You know my Uncle Lord Lovington?—

SHIFTER.

Intimately—Why I hold his Courts.

BELLAFONT.

And you are well acquainted with Sir Antony Withers?

SHIFTER.

Oh! lackaday! Hand and Glove, Captain; why I am more obliged to Sir Antony Withers than to any Man living: his Father prentic'd me out to Lawyer Trickſter; ay, and his preſent Honour has always been my Friend, wet and dry as one may ſay. I can never do enough for Sir Antony; I hate to be behindhand in Gratitude and good Offices to any Man.

BELLAFONT.

I am ſorry the Caſe in Queſtion don't exactly tally with that Gratitude you profeſs to Sir Antony; for, to tell you the plain Truth, I want you to aſſiſt me in robbing him.—

SHIFTER.

Robbing him?

BELLAFONT.

Ay, robbing him of his Daughter.

SHIFTER.

Who—Madam Maria?—O Lud! O Lud! the Wickedneſs of ſome Folks!

BELLAFONT.

Come, I make worſe of this Matter than it deſerves. You ſee thoſe Cloaths there.—In this Tranſaction I ſhall have Occaſion to perſonate my Uncle; and all that I require of you is to introduce me to Sir Antony Withers as Lord Lovington.

SHIFTER.

I apprehend you, Captain Bellafont; and ſo long as you keep within the Law, am willing to ſerve you upon valuable Conſiderations; but as I particularly pride myſelf upon my Gratitude to Sir Antony Withers, I ſhall expect a good Price for my Services upon this Occaſion. If ſo be the Party had been an indifferent Perſon, I ſhould have been more moderate; but where my Benefactor is concern'd, it is but reaſonable I ſhould be well paid. Honeſty is a ſcarce Commodity; and where you are to purchaſe a Man's whole Stock, it cannot be had for a Trifle.

BELLAFONT.

Oh! the Rogue! I muſt ſtop his Mouth, or he will ſhame me out of my Project.—Come, Mr. Shifter, if you will ſtep into this inner Room, while I am adjuſting my Dreſs, we will agree upon the Price of your Conſcience—Ferdinand, follow with the Cloaths.

[*Exeunt.*

FERDINAND *alone.*

If the vulgar Saying be true, that you may buy Gold too dear, what ſort of Purchaſe muſt he make that bargains for a Lawyer's Conſcience? [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

A View of the Country, with Corn Fields at a diſtance, a Number of Peaſants, Men, Women, and Children, as from the Harveſt-field, repoſing themſelves on the Graſs, with various Implements of Husbandry, &c.

AIR XVIII.* [Arnold.]

Come, my Laſſes, let's be gay
On this our yearly Holiday;
We've reap'd, we've mawn, we've hous'd our Store,
And what can Maſter wiſh for more?
Chor. *Then freely paſs the Can about,*
There's Day enough to ſee it out.

See the Sun is high at Noon,
And warns us not to part ſo ſoon;
Time enough to think of Care,
When dreaming Winter ſhall appear.
Chor. *Then freely paſs,* &c.

Let every Swain propoſe his Toaſt,
A Health to her he loves the moſt,
Then ſhou'd ſhe but kiſs the Cup;
What Clown can chuſe but drink it up?
Chor. *Then freely paſs,* &c.

When Peace and Plenty crowns our Iſle,
'Twere hard if Britons did not ſmile;
Nature's fair Example ſee;
She laughs and ſings, and ſo ſhou'd we.
Chor. *Then freely paſs,* &c.

FREDE-

FREDERICK *enters to them.*

So, ſo, good People! this ſounds well; Muſic lightens Labour. — Sit ſtill, ſit ſtill— you've Work enough in hand, and Ceremony will but add to it.

1ſt PEASANT.

Heaven bleſs you, my young Maſter, we were drinking a Can to your Health, upon your coming home; and the Sun beating ſo main hot in the Field yonder, we were fain to lay ourſelves down under this Beechen Thicket.— Margery, why duſt'nt ſpeacke to his Honour?

MARGERY.

Gad a' mercy! ſpeacke to 'un? Why I ha' danc'd him in my Arms when he was a Babe, as poor as I am, many's the good Time.

1ſt PEASANT.

Ay, thee haſt ſo—why I ha' work'd in this Field, ſimple as I ſtand here, any Time theſe Thirty Years, and I hope to do ſo Thirty Years longer, an' it pleaſe Heaven.

FREDERICK.

I hope thou wilt, honeſt Man! There is ſomething to be merry with when your Day's Work is at an End: we muſt not muzzle the Ox— as the Proverb ſays. Happy People! how much more enviable is your Lot than mine!

AIR XIX. [Baildon.]

See yon humble ruſtick Swains,
Reſting from their daily Pains;
Look how careleſsly they're laid
In the cool and fragrant Shade.

What

What is Wealth, and Fame, and Power?
Fleeting Pageants of an Hour:
Bluſh, Ambition, bluſh to ſee
Happineſs unknown to thee.

Soon as Phœbus ſtreaks the Skies,
Freſh and light as Air they riſe;
And when ſinking in the Weſt,
Gayly ſing him to his Reſt.

Boaſt not, Pride, thy lofty State;
Ah how little are the Great!
Wretches, amidſt all your Cares,
Can you find Content like theirs?

PEASANTS.

We humbly thank your Honour for your Bounty.

FREDERICK.

What! here are ſome of you miſſing. Where's Simon and Black Robin? Are not they amongſt you?

2d PEASANT.

Noa, Sir; his old Honour, Sir Antony, has kall'd 'um huome, and clapt a couple of the old Family Liveries upon their Backs, that they may ſtand in the Great Hall, when my Lord what d'ye call 'um comes to ſee him.—No offence, I hope.

FREDERICK.

Ha! ha! ha!

[Amelia *is diſcovered in the Back Scene, fantaſtically dreſt out with Flowers and other wild Ornaments, and maſked; ſhe advances, diſcovers* Frederick, *ſtarts, and goes out.*]

FREDERICK.

What have we here? A Woman maſk'd! And a fair one ſhe ſhou'd be.—Do any of you know who ſhe is?

1ſt PEASANT.

No, Sir, no: We have ſeen her in and about this Grove ever ſince Morning-break; and we are apt to think (poor Soul) ſhe is not in her right Mind; one or two of us 'coſted her, but ſhe was not much for talking, ſo we took no further 'count of her.

FREDERICK.

If that ſhou'd be the Caſe, the poor Wench may want ſome Aſſiſtance; I'll follow her and ſee. [*Exit.*

2d PEASANT.

For my peart, I'll neither meddle nor make with her; Dame is ſure to lead me ſuch a Life.

1ſt PEASANT.

Come, Neighbours, let's to Field; now Simon's abſent I am Strokeſman for to-day; nay, but come along. Let's be merry and wiſe, as they ſay; ſome Work, ſome Play; 'twill laſt the longer.

Chorus repeated.

Then freely paſs, &c.

SCENE IV.

A more retired Part of the Grove; AMELIA *is diſcover'd.*

AIR XX. [Scotch Air.]

O Fate, if ſo thou doſt ordain
That I once more ſhou'd view him,
Reſtore him to my Heart again
As fond as once I knew him.

But

But if regardleſs of my Prayer
Thou wilt not ſo befriend me,
Oh! yet preſerve me from Deſpair,
And let this Moment end me.

How my Heart flutters at the Sight of Frederick! He ſeem'd ſtruck with my Appearance; ſurely he will follow me: Under this Diſguiſe I will endeavour to diſcover the real State of his Heart: ſhould my Suſpicions of his Falſhood prove true, this diſtracted Habit will then properly become my Condition. Hah! he's here.— [*She puts on her Maſk.*

FREDERICK.

I follow'd you, Child, to know if you ſtood in need of any Aſſiſtance.—Who are you? and why do you wander about maſk'd, and in that fantaſtical Habit?

AMELIA.

Save you, Sir, may the Sun-beam never ſcorch you by Day, nor the Dew-damps ſtrike you by Night: for the Stars tell ſtrange Tales, and, if you are falſe-hearted, Perjury is wrote on the Face of the Moon, and every Owl-ey'd Wizzard can read it. For my own Part, I care not who ſees my Face; 'tis honeſt, and ſuch as Nature made it; but there are Spies abroad, and therefore I go maſk'd.

FREDERICK.

Alas! poor Wench, thy Reaſon is diſſeated. Have you no Friends in this Neighbourhood to take Care of you?

AMELIA.

I had a Friend, Sir; my Soul lov'd him, and my Reaſon approved—but he forſook me, and I loſt my Wits and my Heart together.

FREDERICK.

There are no Tokens of Inſanity in that Expreſſion. There is ſome Myſtery under that Maſk; I'll queſtion her further—[*Aſide.*] Then you have lov'd—unſucceſsfully lov'd:—therein I pity you;—our Fortunes in that are alike. I myſelf adored the faireſt of her Sex. [*Half aſide.*

AMELIA.

The faireſt did you ſay? — Was ſhe indeed the faireſt?

FREDERICK.

I thought her ſo.—Her Air reſembled yours; her Stature much the ſame; and her Voice ſo near upon a pitch with yours, that, when I hear you ſpeak, methinks I am preſent with her.

AIR XXI.* [Bach.]

So profound an Impreſſion I bear
Of the Maid who was my fond Choice,
Every Nymph that I ſee has her Air,
Every Sound that I hear is her Voice.

When you ſigh, I can think ſhe was true,
When you ſmile, I cou'd ſwear ſhe was kind,
You give all but her Face to my View,
And alas! I ſee that in my Mind.

AMELIA.

Is it poſſible ſhe cou'd be inſenſible to your Paſſion?

FREDERICK.

She has forgot her Madneſs; I'll encourage this Adventure. [*Aſide.*] Alas! you ſearch too deeply—regardleſs of her Vows, ſhe is married, and I am abandoned and undone.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Married! did you ſay? Is ſhe married?—What can he mean? Wretch that I am, I am miſtaken, and he loves another. [*Aſide.*

FREDERICK.

You muſe.—But whom do I ſpeak this to, and what? Come, unmaſk; if your Features correſpond with your Limbs, 'tis cruel to conceal them.

[*Attempts to unmaſk her.*

AMELIA.

Not for the World, I beſeech you.—Suffer me to aſk one Queſtion more for Curioſity's Sake: What was your Miſtreſs's Name?

FREDERICK.

Prithee, Child, (for I ſpeak to thee now as a rational Creature) what Motive can'ſt thou have for aſking me that Queſtion?

AMELIA.

No ill one, believe me; yet I confeſs I am deſirous to have it reſolved.

FREDERICK.

Sure I have not made a Conqueſt of this poor Wench's Heart without knowing it; her Enquiries wou'd almoſt lead me to ſuſpect it. [*Aſide.*] Well, I know no Reaſon there is for concealing my Miſtreſs's Name, ſince ſhe is now another's:—It was Amelia Hartley.—You are now poſſeſs'd of my Story; which I know not how you have drawn from me. I muſt now leave you; if you have any Afflictions, I ſincerely compaſſionate you, but Inſanity I hope is not amongſt them. There is my Purſe; much may it comfort you! ſo farewel!—

AMELIA.

Hold Sir! Your Liberality is truly amiable, but I need it not; take your Purſe; and if you are not afraid to give me the Meeting between the Hours of nine and ten

ten in the Evening, I may perhaps communicate to you ſome Tidings, that will both ſurprize and pleaſe you.

FREDERICK.

Between the Hours of nine and ten this Evening?—

AMELIA.

Preciſely.—

FREDERICK.

I will not fail to meet you: Farewel. [*Exit.*

AIR XXII. [Haſſe.]

Now once again the ſportive Train
Awakes to ſprightly Meaſures,
Gay Hope ſucceeds, and with her leads
A Train of ſmiling Pleaſures.
See where the torturing Furies fly,
Pale Grief, Deſpair and Jealouſy,
Of meagre Cares the ghaſtly Family.

SCENE V.

HENRY *diſcovers himſelf.*

HENRY.

Don't be frighten'd, Mrs. Clara; 'tis I; 'tis a Friend.

AMELIA.

Henry!—What makes thee here?

HENRY.

Thank Heaven ſhe's not ſo far gone, but what ſhe knows me.—(I beg pardon, Mrs. Clara, for my Boldneſs)—How ſhe ſtares!—Alas my Heart bleeds for her!

her! Do, be perſuaded to return home; We are broken-hearted at loſing you.—I'll watch you Night and Day, if you need it.

AMELIA.

How came you to know me, and to follow me hither?

HENRY.

Lackaday, how ſhou'd I fail knowing you? Don't be angry with me, but I have followed you moſt Part of the Day, yet feared to accoſt you till now, that I ſee you have been in Diſcourſe with the young Squire: Fine Folks I know have ſometimes foul Thoughts; and in ſo lone a Place as this is, I was fearful he might offer at ſome Rudeneſs; if that had been the Caſe, I wou'd have been your Defender; nay I was about to come forth when he attempted to unmaſk you, for, great as he is, I ſhou'd not ſtand by and ſee you wrong'd by any one.

AMELIA.

This honeſt Creature's Affection to me is diſtreſſing.

HENRY.

How ſorry am I to ſee you thus! What a piteous Change have a few Hours brought about! Is a Mind like your's ſo ſoon overthrown? Better be born a Clown like me without Wit or Underſtanding to loſe, than be learned to no better Purpoſe than this.

AIR XXIII. [Dunn.]

See thy Henry *ſtill attends thee,*
Still thy humble Friend defends thee,
Whither hat thy Reaſon ſtray'd?
Turn and hear me,
Do not fear me,
O thou loſt, thou lovely Maid!

AMELIA.

Why ſhou'd I conceal any thing from this honeſt Creature? Come hither, Henry; don't be alarm'd: my Reaſon is no worſe than it was; I am not mad.

HENRY.

Oh! the Bleſſing! may I believe it? Then what do you do with all this diſtracted Geer about you?

AMELIA.

That you ſhall know in due Time; but tell me now, my good Lad, how can I reward the Services you have done me; pecuniary Gratifications, it ſeems, your Spirit diſdains; what can I do for you?

HENRY.

Nothing; I have deſerv'd nothing.

AMELIA.

Nay, but,—conſult your Heart.

HENRY.

I dare not; it is not fit I ſhou'd.

AMELIA.

How, Henry! is there any doubt then of its Honeſty?

HENRY.

No, Mrs. Clara, I hope I am honeſt; but I am ſure I am unfortunate.

AMELIA.

Alas poor Youth! Is it in my Power to alleviate your Unhappineſs?

HENRY.

Don't aſk me that Queſtion; I am but a Clown, and my Anſwer may offend you.

AMELIA.

I ſee the Cauſe of your Uneaſineſs, and have long regretted it.—I'll tell thee what, Henry, you and I have long been Friends; 'tis fit I ſhou'd now diſcloſe

to

to you a Secret. I am not, as you conceive me, a low-born Country Wench, but am of ſome Rank and conſiderable Fortune. The Concluſion you will draw from thence may be uſeful.—I ſee you are in Surprize at what I have told you, but if you will walk with me to Mrs. Olivia's, I'll tell you why I have aſſum'd this Appearance of Madneſs.

HENRY.

I will attend you, Madam.—Heigh ho! how baſe am I not to rejoice at this Diſcovery!

AMELIA.

When I relate my Story more at large to you, Henry, you will find that all the Unhappineſs I have known in Life has ſprung from Love. 'Tis a dangerous Paſſion, and I wou'd caution every Friend of mine againſt it.

AIR XXIV. [Stanley.]

When Love at firſt Approach is ſeen,
His dang'rous Form he veils;
A playful Infant's harmleſs Mien
The fatal God conceals.

When ſoon by us fond Dupes careſt
He acts his trait'rous Part,
And as we preſs him to the Breaſt,
He ſteals into the Heart. [Exeunt]

SCENE VI.

A Great Hall.

Sir ANTONY *and* PETER.

SIR ANTONY.

And ſo, Peter, you can hear no tidings of this Girl Clara yet?

PETER.

No, your Honour, not I: 'tis ſarten ſure ſhe have left the Farmer's, that's one Thing; but where ſhe has betaken herſelf, that's another Thing. For my Part I have been at a power of Places in queſt of her, up and down, all over the Village, quite from Dame Treacle's Shop at the further End of it, to Parſon Sneak's Houſe here by the Church.

SIR ANTONY.

Was ever Accident ſo croſs! every thing in ſo fair a Poſture for Succeſs: the Wind in my favourite Corner, South-weſt, due as it can blow. Sciſſon's Barometer a full Degree on the Riſe ſince Morning, and my Pulſe at leaſt ten Thumps in a Minute by a Stop-Watch quicker than it was at our laſt Interview; I ſhou'd certainly have retriev'd that Miſadventure.—I cannot conceive, Peter, where this provoking Wench has conceal'd herſelf.

PETER.

Sure I was never ſo nonpluſh'd before; and yet I think under Favour, your Worſhip, I can give a gueſs where ſhe is.

SIR ANTONY.

Why, where is ſhe, think you?

PETER.

Why I'll ſtake my Head to a Turnip that ſhe is in our great Pond: Simon ſaw her walk that way, and 'tis

'tis my Thoughts ſhe has drowned herſelf for Love; for your Worſhip well knows no young Girl can have any buſineſs by the Water ſide, unleſs with that Intent.

SIR ANTONY.

Peter, leave me. There are Moments, in which no wiſe Man cares to be overlooked. Of a certain this Clown has hit it; poor fond Soul! I ſhall never have an eaſy Moment more. But ſoft! what do Socrates, Seneca, and Sir Thomas More adviſe upon theſe Occaſions? Have I no Memorandum?—Phaw! a Fig for ſuch a pack of Grey-Beards: what ſignifies what a Man ſays in a Caſe that can never be his own? It has ever been my Fortune to be admired by the Fair Sex; but ſo melancholy a Proof of it I never met with before. I'll inſtantly give Orders for dragging the Pond: ſhe is moſt certainly drown'd: I cannot chuſe but weep for her.

AIR XXV. [Cocchi.]

Farewel, fond unhappy Creature!
See, for me poor Clara dies;
Lightning blaſt each murd'rous Feature,
Blind theſe fatal, fatal Eyes!

Yet what means this fond bewailing!
Let the wretched Fair one die;
If my Form is ſo prevailing,
Nature is in Fault, not I.

SCENE VII. MARIA *enters.*

So, Mrs. Malapert, are you here? By my ſay-ſo, I thought to have ſeen this Day one of the happieſt in

my Life; but you are all bent upon thwarting me. There's your Brother; I've been rattling him; the Fellow has loſt his Reaſon, his Underſtanding, and has come home chin-deep in Love. I wou'd have Sir William Hartley to know, however, that my Son may without preſumption aſpire to as good a Match as his Daughter; eſpecially too when I have beſtow'd one of my Children upon an Earl.

MARIA.

Alas! Sir, that Child has no ſuch Ambition, believe me.

SIR ANTONY.

But, Huſſey, I do not believe you: I take it, you are a Woman, born of a Woman, compounded as other Women are, guided by the ſame Appetites, warm'd by the ſame Sun, ruffled by the ſame Wind; how have you then the Face to tell me that you are not ambitious?

MARIA.

Dear Sir, have ſome Compaſſion upon me, and don't ſacrifice me to old Age and Ill-nature, becauſe ennobled by a Title. Alas! was the Heart conſulted in our Alliances, we ſhou'd not ſee ſo many ſplendid Wretches as we do.

AIR XXVI. [Howard.]

And can you ſee your Daughter kneel?
What Heart ſo hard as thine?
If e'er it cou'd Compaſſion feel,
It muſt at Grief like mine.

You ſay, at your ſupreme Command,
I muſt become a Wife;
Ah! cruel, when you force my Hand,
Why don't you take my Life?

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

Come, no more of this Affectation; I have done my Duty by you, and provided you a Husband rich enough to content any moderate Woman; as for all other Requiſites, you muſt look out for yourſelf, Child; that's a Matter in which I can't help you.

MARIA.

I take it, Sir, there are other Enjoyments in Life beſides what Money affords.

SIR ANTONY.

Oh! if that be all, go your ways, and make yourſelf eaſy upon that Score: for my own Part, I have made it my own Remark, that there are no Marriages ſo fruitful, as of an old Man with a very young Woman.

MARIA.

I believe I ſhan't entirely rely upon your Obſervations, Sir, notwithſtanding. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

PETER *enters to Sir* ANTONY.

PETER.

Sir, your Worſhip, his Lordſhip's Honour is coming.

SIR ANTONY.

Here, Simon, Robin, Thomas, where are all the Fellows got to?

Several Servants enter in old faſhion'd tawdry Liveries.

SIMON.

Here, Meaſter, here; I was but ſnatching a bit in the Pantry.

SIR

SIR ANTONY.

Come, range yourſelves all on that ſide. So, ſo! Simon, has the Maid darn'd the holes in your Stockings?

SIMON

Yes, your Honour, yes; my Hoſe be all whole above Shoe.

SIR ANTONY.

How now, Peter, what have you got tied on here? [*Examining his Shoulder-knot.*

PETER.

Why, pleaſe your Worſhip, my Coat had a narrow Shoulder-ſtring, ſo Suſan pinn'd her Garters upon it in lieu.

SCENE VIII.

SHIFTER *introduces* BELLAFONT *as Lord* LOVINGTON.

SHIFTER.

Sir Antony, I beg leave to preſent Lord Lovington to you.

SIR ANTONY.

My Lord Lovington, I am your Lordſhip's devoted Creature. [*Approaching him with ſeveral formal Grimaces.*] A queer old Fellow by the bye. [*Aſide.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Sir Antony, I am a Man of few Words, and leſs Ceremony—Your Servant.

SIR ANTONY.

The Honour your Lordſhip does my humble Houſe in this Viſit, and the Occaſion of it, makes me eternally your Debtor; yet give me Leave to ſay, my Lord, you will not mix with a Family utterly ignoble; we can trace a Pedigree in a ſtrait Line from old Roger—

Roger—what do you call him?—a famous Baron in the Time of King John; perhaps your Lordſhip can call to mind whom I mean.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Upon my Word I do not recollect the Gentleman.

SIR ANTONY.

Old Roger Montfichet I mean, my Lord; he was one of the Barons who compiled Magna Charta, and both I and my Fathers have oppoſed the Court ever ſince.

LORD LOVINGTON.

With great Reaſon, Sir Antony.

SIR ANTONY.

By my ſay-ſo, (you'll pardon the Vehemence of my Expreſſion) I believe I cou'd make out a Title to a Barony.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well, well, Sir Antony, give yourſelf no trouble about the Pedigree of Miſs Maria; ſo long as your Genealogy does not finiſh with her, it is of little Conſequence to me whom it began with. I venerate Antiquity for nothing but for that rough Virtue, that primitive Simplicity of Manners, which diſtinguiſhed the Æra of our Anceſtors from the preſent Age of Faſhion and Refinement. I live as they did, becauſe they were temperate; think as they did, becauſe they were honeſt; and dreſs as they did, becauſe I conceive it becomes an old Man better, than to befool himſelf with ſuch a Load of Frippery Stuff as thou haſt put upon thy Back.

SIR ANTONY.

Your Lordſhip I perceive is entirely Engliſh.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Yes, Sir Antony, I am as you ſee me, neither more nor leſs than a plain Engliſhman; my Ambition aſpires no higher.

SIR ANTONY.

Now for my own Part, my Lord, I muſt confeſs to you I abominate all Engliſh Faſhions, Manners and Manufactures: when I was a young Man I was univerſally known in the *Beau Monde* by the Name of Count Antoine.—No doubt, my Lord, you have travell'd.—

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! yes, Sir Antony, I have had an Itch for Rambling like other idle young Fellows, ſo I took a Journey into Scotland, and have ſtaid at home contentedly ever ſince.

AIR XXVII. * [Arne.]

From Clime to Clime
Let others run;
From riſing to the ſetting Sun;
To kill uneaſy Time:
With giddy trembling haſte,
Let the vain Creatures fly,
To ſearch for dear Vanity,
And catch ſhort Gleams of fluctuating Taſte.
Fixt to my native Spot,
With Eaſe and Plenty crown'd,
Content I look around,
Nor aſk of Heaven a fairer Lot.
No Vineyards here demand my Care,
No ſpicy Gales perfume the Air,
No Citron Groves ariſe;
The rugged Soil,
Hardly obedient to the Peaſant's Toil,
Such ſoft Luxuriance denies.

Yet

Yet Nature with maternal Hand
A nobler Dower has giv'n;
Valour, the Birthright of the Land,
And Liberty, the choiceſt Gift of Heaven."

Well, but when ſhall I ſee the young Lady, Sir Antony? Maſter Shifter's Report of your Daughter makes me deſirous of being better known to her. If ſhe can take up with ſuch a plain Man as I am, I ſhan't grow worſe upon Acquaintance; nay perhaps I may prove more to her mind, than ſhe thinks for.

SIR ANTONY.

I don't believe a word of that.—[*Aſide.*]—My Daughter ſhall wait upon your Lordſhip.—'Twill never do; ſhe will never endure him. [*Aſide.*] Peter, call Maria.

PETER.

Maria!

[*He ſhifts round Lord* Lovington *to avoid ſhowing his Shoulder-knot, and preſents his Back to the Side Scene, as he calls.*

SIR ANTONY.

Are thoſe your Manners, Sirrah? Is that the way you ſpeak to my Daughter, Blockhead?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! let him alone, Sir Antony. Now I like that better than all the modern Impertinence of your well-bred Footmen of Quality. But here the young Lady comes.—[MARIA *enters.*]—Madam, by your leave. [*Salutes her.*] Why, Lawyer, ſhe as much exceeds your Report, as Weſtminſter Hall does the Old Bailey.

[*He withdraws to the Back Scene with* Shifter.

MARIA.

A very courtly Compariſon truly!

SIR ANTONY.

Maria! Huſſey! why don't you ſpeak to his Lordſhip? Odsheart, you Jade, if you don't behave as you ought, I'll turn Catholick and immure you in a Convent for Life. By the Maſs! I think no Father, who is plagued with a great galloping Romp of a Daughter, ſhou'd be of any other Religion.

SHIFTER, [*after whiſpering Lord* Lovington.]

That may be a Conſideration, my Lord, after you are married; in which Caſe, Madam Maria will be a Femme Couverte.

MARIA.

I a Femme Couverte, Mr. Shifter! I deſire you will call me none of your naſty Law Names.

SHIFTER.

Now your Lordſhip having Heir Male by a former Venter, and the Party preſent being ſo likely to bear Iſſue, I ſhou'd adviſe—

MARIA.

Pr'ythee, keep your odious Advice to yourſelf.—I aſſure you, Sir, I don't need it, nor ever intend to follow it.

LORD LOVINGTON.

I perceive, Mr. Shifter, ſhe is a Lady of a very high Spirit.—But come, Sir Antony, be not caſt down, Man: allow me a few Minutes private Converſation with your Daughter, and perhaps I may be able to bring her into better Humour with me.

SIR ANTONY.

With all my Heart, my Lord.—A perverſe ungovernable Girl!—Come, Neighbour Shifter—'tis all over; my Hopes of ſeeing my Daughter a Counteſs are all at an End.—He is an abſurd old Fellow that's the Truth of it. [*Exeunt Sir* Antony, Shifter, *and Serv.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Lord LOVINGTON *and* MARIA.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, Madam, I wou'd fain hope, that upon better Acquaintance, you won't find me ſo diſagreeable.

MARIA.

Indeed, my Lord, 'tis in vain to attempt to diſguiſe my Heart; the Diſparity that there is in our Manners, our Fortunes, and our Age, makes me deſpair of Happineſs in ſo diſproportionate an Alliance.

AIR XXVIII. * [Arne.]

In vain you attempt to engage,
Believe me you have not the Art,
The feeble Attacks of old Age
Can never endanger my Heart.

The dazling Delights that await
Upon Grandeur I need not be told;
You tell me you're wealthy and great,
'Tis true—but alas! you are old.

Few Scruples, you'll ſay, have been known,
Which Gold ever fail'd to remove;
'Tis a pow'rful Temptation I own,
But ah! what is Life without Love?

LORD LOVINGTON.

As I ſuppoſe my Age is the moſt ſtaggering Circumſtance againſt me, let me tell you, young Lady, that 'tis more than probable, I am not ſo old as I appear to be. [*Speaks more in his own Voice.*

MARIA.

No, o' my Conſcience are you not, if I gueſs right. O ho! my Gentleman, is it you? [*Aſide.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Why how old now do you think I may be?

MARIA.

I don't know, my Lord, but I ſhould gueſs about ſeven or eight and twenty.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Seven or eight and twenty, quotha? No, no, no: I was not ſo young as that comes to, ſeven or eight and twenty Years ago.

MARIA.

May be ſo; I can't tell; I am very ignorant of People's Ages; but I thought I would not ſhock your Lordſhip by gueſſing yours too high.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Permit me to draw you a Chair, Miſs Maria.

MARIA.

Your Contrivance, Mr. Bellafont, ſhan't paſs upon me this Time I can aſſure you. [*Aſide.*

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, ſit down.—No, young Lady, tho' I am pretty far advanced in Years, and muſt expect to find the Infirmities of old Age come upon me apace, yet I ſhou'd hope my Rank, my Poſſeſſions, and my Liberality to you, would ſtand in the Place of more youthful Accompliſhments. I cannot flatter you ſo highly as the young Men of the preſent Age can do, but perhaps I can love you as well. I dare ſay, pretty one, you have no Objection againſt being a Counteſs.

MARIA.

I don't know, my Lord, a Title no doubt has its Charms.

LORD LOVINGTON.

And a Woman without Ambition is a Prodigy, a Monſter.—What Happineſs is there which Wealth and Splendor cannot give us?—How contemptible is it to marry a Beggar, and ſtarve upon Love?

MARIA.

Very true, my Lord, it is a vulgar kind of Diet, and only fit for Perſons in a low walk of Life.

LORD LOVINGTON.

On the contrary, how gayly, how agreeably does the Life of a Woman of Quality ſlide away! in one continued pleaſing round of innocent Diſſipation.—A Wife, above Obligations of Obedience, and a Mother, without Apprehenſions for Poſterity, no Care nor Inquietude can approach her; and if Repentance ever offers to intrude, Cards and Converſation are at hand to repel it.

MARIA.

No doubt there are great Reſources in high Life againſt Repentance.

LORD LOVINGTON.

I am ſenſible, young Lady, of great perſonal Defects, and would therefore engage your Intereſt to yield that Aſſent, which I fear your Heart muſt withhold.

MARIA.

Now will I plague him moſt deliciouſly. [*Aſide.*]—My Heart, my Lord, is entirely diſengaged.—To be ſure, your Lordſhip has made uſe of ſtrong Allurements. For my own Part, I always ſet my Mind upon marying a Man of Fortune; for which Reaſon I could never endure the Addreſſes of a Soldier.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Humph! have you been ſolicited by any ſuch?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Why, yes, I have been troubled with ſuch impertinent Pretenders; nay, I muſt confeſs I have been moſt diſagreeably importuned by a Nephew of your Lordſhip's.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Who?—What?—Oh! ay—Bellafont, you mean.—Why I hear a tolerable Report of that young Fellow.

MARIA.

I ſhou'd be ſorry to offend your Lordſhip; but allow me to tell you, that the Report which ſays any thing tolerable of Captain Bellafont, muſt be his own.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Indeed! why I am concerned to hear theſe Tidings of my Nephew; eſpecially as he is Heir to my Title and Eſtate, in caſe of my Son's Deceaſe.—Oh! the abominable mercenary Jilt, what Folly poſſeſs'd me to put on this Diſguiſe? [*Aſide.*

MARIA.

It grieves me, my Lord, to give you Pain; but I muſt ſeriouſly entreat you to bring your Nephew here, and in your Preſence allow me to give him his final Diſmiſſion; nay, I can never think of our Alliance on any other Conditions.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! that I was quit of this Fool's Coat that I might abuſe her! [*Aſide.*] Well, Madam, your Commands ſhall be obey'd; my Nephew ſhall never offend you more.

MARIA.

'Twill be a very acceptable Riddance, I can aſſure your Lordſhip. [*She walks up the Stage.*

LORD

LORD LOVINGTON.

Now do I wiſh I was fourſcore Miles off: What the plague did I ſee in her to fall in Love with? Thank Heaven! I ſhall be revenged; I ſhall diſappoint her Avarice. I hope from my Soul ſhe'll hang herſelf in her Garters for Vexation.—Well, Madam, I ſhall take my Leave of you now, and when I have denounced your Vengeance on poor Charles, I hope you will reward my Obedience; and being deliver'd from his Addreſſes, be more at leiſure to entertain mine.

MARIA.

I ſhall endeavour to ſhew my Gratitude to your Lordſhip, as I ought.—[*Exit Lord* Lovington.]—Ha! ha! ha! get thee gone, get thee gone: Poor Bellafont, thou may'ſt be a paſſable good Soldier in the open Field and broad Day-light; but in the Conduct and Contrivance of a Surprize, thou art no Match for me, take my word for it.

AIR XXIX. [Haſſe.]

Away, diſſembling Lover!
Your Project I diſcover,
And ſee thro' all your Art:
Then fly from Shape to Shape,
Yet hope not to eſcape,
My Chains encloſe your Heart.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A View of the Country near Sir ANTONY's, *with a diſtant Proſpect of the Houſe.*

OLIVIA, AMELIA.

OLIVIA.

BELIEVE me, my dear, I ſincerely partake in your Happineſs upon this Diſcovery which you have made of your Lover's Fidelity.

AMELIA.

Dear Madam, you have laid me under eternal Obligations; I owe every thing to your prudent Advice and hoſpitable Reception.

OLIVIA.

Don't ſpeak of it, Amelia; the Pleaſure that I take in finding young Withers worthy of the good Opinion I have always entertain'd of him, makes me almoſt as much intereſted in this Event as yourſelf.

AMELIA.

How generous is this! Yes, I confeſs to you my Heart is much lighter ſince this Adventure. We have both, I perceive, been in an Error; he in believing I had married Lord Wealthy, and I in apprehending he had forſaken and forgot me; but, to my unſpeakable Tranſport, I find his Affection for me unimpair'd

impair'd by Abſence; and what mine for him muſt be, the deſperate Step I have taken ſufficiently demonſtrates.

OLIVIA.

Come, my dear, don't condemn the generous Reſolution which Love has inſpir'd you with; neither the Conduct, as I hope, nor the Condition of your Lover will ever reproach you.

AMELIA.

O Madam, with the Man of my Heart there is no Condition in Life can be ſo humble, which I ſhou'd not infinitely prefer to all that Wealth and Greatneſs can beſtow without him.

AIR XXX. [Ciampi.]

Thro' theſe Wilds ſecurely ranging,
Grandeur for Content exchanging,
Freely I abſolve my Fate;
Here my Soul without repining
Each ambitious Thought reſigning,
Looks with Pity on the Great.

OLIVIA.

I applaud your Sentiments, Amelia: but come, it draws towards Evening; and, as we are walking homewards, I will communicate to you a Deſign which I have form'd for your diſcovering yourſelf to Frederick before the Time appointed for your Meeting; for I am determined, if poſſible, to bring Matters to a Concluſion betwixt you before this Day is at an End. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

BELLAFONT, MARIA.

MARIA.

Very well, Mr. Bellafont, there's an End then to every thing between us: henceforward we are to think of each other no more.

BELLAFONT.

Never; never. I wou'd baniſh from my Memory, if poſſible, the very Name of Maria.

MARIA.

You carry this Matter very triumphantly truly.

BELLAFONT.

I ſuppoſe your Vanity expected ſome Gratification upon this Occaſion; but it wou'd be ſtrange Folly in me to bewail a Separation, which I muſt ever conſider as the moſt fortunate Event in my Life.

MARIA.

No doubt it muſt have been ſtrange Indiſcretion in you to have thrown away ſo much Merit upon a Woman with poor Twenty thouſand Pounds to her Fortune.—To be ſure, Captain, you have Views of a much higher Sort.

BELLAFONT.

I have indeed Worth and Honour; and a noble Mind ſhall be the Portion of the Woman I aſpire to; theſe are the Qualities, which I once thought I diſcover'd in Maria; and for which alone I admired her: all other Poſſeſſions I look on with diſdain.

MARIA.

Now cou'd I run into his Arms, but for the dear Delight of tormenting him a little longer: he has won my Heart by the noble Manner in which he renounces it. [*Aſide.*] Hold, Mr. Bellafont, don't let

us

us part in this abrupt Manner; your Regards for me muſt have been very inſincere, to be laid aſide with ſo much Indifference.

BELLAFONT.

Why ſhou'd I complain, and to whom? What Senſe of my Sufferings can ſhe have whom Gold cou'd bribe to abandon me? whom the dirty Poſſeſſions of Lord Lovington cou'd prevail upon to take old Age, with all its melancholy Attendants, to her Arms? That ever ſo mean a Paſſion as Avarice cou'd find Reception in ſo fair a Boſom! O Maria, what Youth and Beauty art thou about to ſacrifice to Vanity and Ambition! Juſt Heaven, how bleſt we might have been! Wealth and Grandeur indeed I cou'd not have endow'd thee with; but an honeſt and faithful Heart is an Oblation which a generous Woman wou'd have prefer'd before them.

AIR XXXI. Duetto. [Bach.]

Bel. *Yes, 'tis plain, ſhe ſees me tremble,*
While I tear her from my Heart.
Mar. *Sure he knows I but diſſemble,*
When I tell him to depart.
Bel. *Love, away! thou haſt betray'd me.*
Mar. *Pity, hence! Reſentment aid me.*
Bel. *I renounce thee, venal Beauty,*
Thus I tear thee from my Heart.
Mar. *Haughty Lover, know thy Duty,*
See without a Sigh I part. [*Exit* Bellafont.

MARIA *alone.*

Now have I trifled with this Bellafont, 'till I am ſeriouſly in Love with him; from being at firſt acceſſary to my Amuſement, he is now become eſſential to my Happineſs: alas! tis ever ſo; we are oftener dup'd by Over-ſecurity, than by Credulity. How many young Women have theſe playful Experiments ſurpriz'd into Love with Men at firſt altogether indifferent to them! Yet ſure I have a worthier Cauſe for approving this Man. He is undoubtedly of a frank and noble Nature:—tho' what he means by putting this Trick upon me, and perſonating Lord Lovington, I know not; but it ſhou'd ſeem by this Attack upon my Vanity, that he ſuſpects either my Conſtancy or my Underſtanding.—Be it what it will, I am determined to puniſh him for his blundering Contrivance, if it is only to enhance the Value of any future Obedience.

AIR XXXII. [Bach.]

Nature, when ſhe gave us Pleaſure,
Kindly to enhance the Treaſure,
In her Bounty gave us Pain;
Doubts that heighten,
Tears that brighten,
Toils, that earn what they obtain.

Nymphs a mutual Flame confeſſing,
Damp the Youth they think they're bleſſing,
He cannot love, who don't complain. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

BELLAFONT; *ſpeaks as he enters.*

Don't think, Madam, that I am come back to — Hah! ſhe's gone. — Well, farewel to her, baſe ungenerous Woman! — I am aſhamed to find what hold ſhe had taken of my Heart, by the pain it gives me to wreſt it from her Poſſeſſion.

FERDINAND *enters, ſpeaks in the Side Scene.*

Well, Sir ——

BELLAFONT.

Well, Ferdinand ——

FERDINAND.

What, you're agreed then; all's over, is it not?

BELLAFONT.

Yes, all is over.

FERDINAND.

I am glad on't; I congratulate you with all my Heart; and pray, Sir, when is it to be?

BELLAFONT.

What does the Coxcomb mean? When is what to be?

FERDINAND.

Why, when are you and Madam Maria to be married?

BELLAFONT.

Never, I tell you never. — And hark'ee, Sir, dare not for your Life, Sirrah, not for your Life ever mention to me that Name again.

[*Seizing him by the Collar.*

FERDINAND.

I am dumb, Sir, I am dumb; and if you don't let go my Throat, ſhall be ſo in earneſt.

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

I wou'd have you ſo, at leaſt on this Subject. — But I correct myſelf, and am aſhamed of my Paſſion.— This Woman, Ferdinand, puts me beſide myſelf.— Your miſtake certainly did not merit ſo rough a Reproof, nor your Services.—I am ſorry for what I have done.— Ferdinand!—I am determined to ſee this Woman once again—(why don't you ſpeak?)—but it ſhall be in the Character of Lord Lovington; I will draw her on to conſent to marry me in that Diſguiſe, and then diſcover myſelf and upbraid her.—Hah! what think you?—Will it not be excellent Revenge?— Why don't you anſwer?

FERDINAND.

I ſay nothing, Sir, I am reſolved upon that; but I can't help thinking tho' that the trueſt Revenge you cou'd take wou'd be to marry her firſt, and diſcover yourſelf afterwards.

AIR XXXIII.

When a Maid's in the Mind to marry,
He's an Aſs that thinks ſhe'll tarry;
Take my word there's no Time to dally,
Pr'ythee don't ſtand ſhilly, ſhally,
Shilly, ſhally, fooliſh Man!

Shou'd ſhe look before ſhe leaps, Sir,
Or not wed before ſhe ſleeps, Sir,
You are left in the lurch; all is over!
She is fled to ſome happier Lover,
And you may go hang, fooliſh Man!

SCENE IV.

PADDY, BELLAFONT, FERDINAND.

PADDY.

Saave you, Sir; long Life to you, noble Captain.

BELLAFONT.

What, my brave Iriſh Boy? How fares the World with thee, Paddy, theſe hard Times?

PADDY.

You may ſay that—the Times are indifferent hard truly; for o' my troth this is not a Country to live well in, when a Man has nothing to live upon; and your Honour well knows that I was always too honeſt to work, and too idle to ſteal, (as the Saying is.) So I even think of walking homewards into my own Nation again.

BELLAFONT.

Alas! my Friend, Potatoes and Butter-milk are but ſorry Diet for a gallant Lad, who has carried Conqueſt into every Corner of the Globe.

PADDY.

Ay, my dear Sowl, but I have a ſmall ſcruple of Conſcience beſides all that now; for you ſhall know that I was fain to put off my Religion for a while to ſerve his Majeſty King George, (God bleſs him!) and I can get Abſolution now in my own Country for nothing.

BELLAFONT.

Well, thou art a hearty Soldier, let thy Faith be what it will.—What haſt got there? [*Paddy takes out his Handkerchief with the Purſe wrapt in it.*

PADDY.

Why 'tis ſomething of your Honour's, which I found upon the way hither, and I was thinking whether I ſhou'd deliver it to you now, or after I was gone.

BELLAFONT.

BELLAFONT.

Let me ſee it.—Hey-day! the Purſe I gave to Shifter!—How did you come by this, Paddy?

PADDY.

Why I took it from a bothering Bug of a Lawyer that Maſter Ferdinand told me had cheated you of it.

BELLAFONT.

Why how now, Paddy! what, turn Thief, and rob a Man of his Money?

PADDY.

Bub a boo!—Rob? why as I have a Sowl to be ſaved now, I aſked him to give it me for Love's ſake civilly; but I believe he is the biggeſt Rogue in the World, for he refuſed me out and out; ſo I broke his Rogue's Pate and took it from him.

BELLAFONT.

Here, Sirrah, take the Money and get thee gone; for if you are caught, you will certainly be hang'd.

PADDY.

Hang'd, quotha? Ha! ha! ha! that's a fine Joke! But if they hang me here in England for ſuch a Trifle as that, it ſhall be a Warning to me how I ever ſet foot in their Country again at all, at all.

BELLAFONT.

Well, Paddy, as thou haſt won it, wear it; thy Intentions were honeſt, tho' the Law wou'd call thee a Rogue.

PADDY.

No, by my Sowl, I will not touch a Thirteener; Paddy O Connor ſcorns it. Take it, and may all the Saints in Heaven bleſs you with it! 'tis nothing for a poor Fellow like me to want Money, but for a great and a rich Gentleman like yourſelf to be without it, is a Sin and a Shame, Devil burn me if it is not.

AIR

AIR XXXIV.

O think not that Paddy will palter
Becauſe he has broke a Rogue's Pate,
The Man that's afraid of a Halter,
Deſerves not ſo lofty a Fate.

O Connor ſo nobly deſcended
Will never ſo meanly deſcend;
For why; when my Life it is ended,
Why then of my Life there's an End.

[*Runs out.*

BELLAFONT.

Here, Ferdinand, [*giving him the Purſe*] run after that wild Iriſhman and catch him, if you can, before the Law does. [*Exit* Ferdinand.] To trace Actions apparently good from diſhonourable Motives is no uncommon Thing; but it is the Peculiarity of his Nation to commit the wildeſt Extravagancies upon Principles of the moſt exalted Magnanimity. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Hall in Sir ANTONY'S *Houſe.*

FREDERICK, MARIA.

MARIA.

And do you intend to keep this Aſſignation?

FREDERICK.

Punctually.

MARIA.

'Tis a ſtrange Adventure. An Intrigue with a Maſk in this Place, and at theſe Times, has a mighty roman-

tick Air with it: and I cannot help thinking that your Damſel is diſtracted in reality, as well as appearance.

FREDERICK.

She is in her perfect Senſes I will engage for her, but ſhe has almoſt deprived me of mine; for ſhe ſo exactly reſembles in Voice, Air and Deportment, her whom I once call'd my Amelia, that my Heart has been ſtrangely agitated ever ſince I ſaw her; and I cannot help being as impatient for a ſecond Interview, as if I was actually to meet the Object of my Affection.

MARIA.

She is much beholden to her Maſk I dare ſay; and o'my Conſcience were all Men's Imaginations as lively as your's is, Frederick, the Women wou'd do well to copy her Faſhion; but it ſhould ſeem by the preſent Mode of Dreſſing, as if they were apprehenſive that the Men would give them Credit for no other Beauties, than thoſe which they expoſe.

FREDERICK.

Upon my word we are much beholden to the Ladies for their fair and open Dealing with us.

MARIA.

Come, my dear Brother, Moralizing don't become us; and I take it you are rather too young to reaſon the Fair Sex out of their Coquetries.

AIR XXXV.

Vain Attempt to rail at Pleaſure,
Leave the World to mend at Leiſure;
Sour Ill-nature, far away!
Innocence is always gay.

Others Lives ſeverely noting,
Every Error gladly quoting,
Age, I leave that Taſk to thee:
What are others Faults to me?

FREDERICK.

A Loſer has a right to rave at the Arts by which he has been trepann'd.

MARIA.

Poor mortified Lover!—But by what Means do you propoſe to diveſt yourſelf of this unfortunate Attachment?

FREDERICK.

By baniſhing myſelf for ever from the Sight of her who inſpired it; from the Climate, the Country where my Paſſion had Birth, and from every Scene that may remind me of a Misfortune, which I fear no Time can ever totally extinguiſh.

MARIA.

And has my Father conſented to your Scheme of travelling?

FREDERICK.

He has; his Vanity ſtood my Friend, and I ſucceeded.

MARIA.

I am glad of it; we never apply to Diſſipation as a Remedy for Sorrow, till the Cure is half performed without it.

FREDERICK.

Well, Maria, ſince you have made me the Confidante of your Paſſion for my Friend Bellafont, ſuffer me in my turn to aſk you in which of his Characters you intend to marry him; for I take it for granted you (like all other Clients in the Affair of Marriage)

determined upon the Deed, before you took Counſel on the Expediency of it.

MARIA.

Why, to ſpeak the Truth, I do find myſelf ſtrangely diſpoſed to chuſe for myſelf in this matter, notwithſtanding my grave Father's Remonſtrances; and if Bellafont owes me any thing for my Preference on this occaſion, he muſt thank you for it; for I verily believe it was your Report of him that turn'd the Scale: however, I am determined his fooliſh Conceit of Lord Lovington ſhall not paſs with me; I ſcorn Deceit myſelf, and ſhall not eaſily brook it in him.

FREDERICK.

Maria, I love Bellafont, and I think he deſerves you; a higher Encomium I need not beſtow upon him. Now tho' there can be no greater degree of Happineſs, than to be in Poſſeſſion of the Object of one's Affection, yet Penury will chill that Happineſs, if not deſtroy it. —There are few Paſſions can ſtand the Indelicacies of Diſtreſs.—Not only your Fortune, Siſter, but mine alſo depends upon my Father, and he you know is obſtinate by Preſcription. You muſt not expect his Forgiveneſs.—A Man may be fooled out of his Reaſon, but who was ever yet reaſon'd out of his Folly?

AIR XXXVI. [Giardini.]

Parents think our Inclination
Ne'er ſhou'd fix till they approve;
Loſt to every ſoft Senſation,
They forget what 'tis to love.

Void of every generous Paſſion,
Lovers now with ſordid Art,
(Such the World's diſgraceful Faſhion)
Woo the Intereſt, not the Heart.

Thou

Thou alone alike regarding
Wealth and Titles with Diſdain,
Worth with equal Worth rewarding,
Lov'ſt, and art belov'd again.

PETER *enters.*

Sir, a Servant, who ſays he came Expreſs from Sir William Hartley's, brought this Letter for you.

FREDERICK.

Sir William Hartley's?—What can it be? Hah! from young Hartley!—[*Reads a Letter.*]

"Dear FREDERICK,

"We are in the greateſt Affliction, from which no "body but you can deliver us. My Siſter Amelia, in "order to avoid a compell'd Marriage with Lord "Wealthy, has privately betaken herſelf from us, "and hitherto eſcaped the moſt diligent Search. As "we are well aſſur'd that her Attachment to you "was the Cauſe of this Elopement, ſo we perſuade "ourſelves, that you are at this Time privy to her "Concealment. If you are the Man of Honour I "eſteem you to be, you will approve yourſelf ſuch on "this delicate Occaſion, and reſtore her to her Family "without delay. On theſe Conditions I am bid to tell "you, that you will be received with open Arms; "your Affections will be no longer combated, but "Amelia may be honourably yours.—The Alternative "I forbear to mention, becauſe I will not ſuppoſe my-"ſelf otherwiſe than your faithful and affectionate "Friend GEO. HARTLEY."

Am I awake? Have I my Senſes? Do I ſee and hear and read it right? Is Amelia then unmarried? and ſhall ſhe yet be mine? But hold--in a Poſtſcript he adds--

"Lord

" Lord Wealthy's Conduct ſince Amelia's Abſence " has been ſuch, as leaves us no room to regret the " Diſappointment of his Alliance."

MARIA.

Was ever ſo fortunate an Event? Dear Frederick, how happy do theſe Tidings make me!

FREDERICK.

I believe thee from my Soul; but here is News in another Poſtſcript, which will make you ſtill happier, if I am not out of my gueſs.—Shall I read it? Is your Reſolution Proof againſt good Fortune, as well as ill? He tells me here, " that his Neighbour Lord " Lovington is dead of an Apoplectick Fit, occaſion- " ed, as is ſuppoſed, by the Shock he received at " hearing that his Son had loſt his Life in a drunken " Frolick at Naples. That Captain Bellafont was Heir " to his Title and Fortune, and that an Expreſs had " been ſent after him to Salisbury, where he had " lately been upon the breaking of his Regiment."

Well, Maria,—how like you all this? Fortune is in a giving Mood, and throws us Wealth, Titles and Happineſs in abundance.

MARIA.

Tho' I cannot but rejoice at Bellafont's Proſperity, yet I muſt regret the Opportunity I have loſt of ſhewing the diſintereſted Regard I have for him.

FREDERICK.

'Tis better as it is.—It's an obſolete Notion that Love and Virtue are to be found only in a Cottage; preſent Experience ſhews us that it is poſſible for them to reſide in a Palace. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Lord LOVINGTON *to* MARIA.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well, young Lady, before we conclude this Bargain for Life, it will not be amiſs if we come to ſome previous Explanation with each other.

MARIA.

As your Lordſhip pleaſes.

LORD LOVINGTON.

For my own Part I ſhall act ingenuouſly with you: It muſt be but little Comfort you can in Reaſon expect from an old Man like me; but perhaps that little you look for, may be more than you are likely to receive.

MARIA.

My Wiſhes, my Lord, are ſoon bounded: I have been early taught to obey my Father's Will and Pleaſure, and ſhall eaſily learn to ſubmit myſelf to yours.

LORD LOVINGTON.

But ſuppoſe I am too capricious to will any thing, and too difficult to be pleas'd with any body.—

MARIA.

My Patience ſhall ſubdue your Caprice, and my Tears ſhall ſoften your Anger.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Pſhaw! if you weep, I ſhall laugh at you; and if you are merry, I ſhall hate you: Your Tears will only perſuade me you are a Hypocrite, and your Smiles wou'd convince me that you was plotting my Diſhonour.

MARIA.

That is hard: but a ſilent and reſpectful Obedience to all your Humours, may leave you without Suſpicion or Complaint.

LORD LOVINGTON.

No; impoſſible; your Silence I ſhall interpret to be Sullenneſs, and whatever you ſpeak, I ſhall think it Impertinence; in ſhort, tho' I wou'd marry you for your Beauty, I ſhall ſcorn you for your Meanneſs: Add to that, altho' I am wealthy to Exceſs, yet I am tormented with an eternal reaching after more; all within me is a Chaos of clamourous Deſires, all without Infirmity and Diſeaſe.—Well, Madam, I have now done; for, tho' you can take up with a Character of this Sort, I cannot; it is Time for me to lay it down, and re-aſſume my own.

MARIA.

O Mr. Bellafont, be in no hurry about that; it is really a very pretty diverting kind of Dialogue; and if it is any Amuſement to you to carry it on, I am at your Service.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Why! what! did you know me then all this while, notwithſtanding this Diſguiſe?

MARIA.

What Diſguiſe? Your Dreſs indeed is a little particular; but, as you are now Lord Lovington, I concluded it was ſome Family Faſhion.

LORD LOVINGTON.

I Lord Lovington?—

MARIA.

Why, ay, are you not? Can you, as a Man of Honour, ſeek to impoſe yourſelf upon me for what you are not? As for the Deſcription you give me of your Perſon and Diſpoſition, I aſcribe all that to an amiable Diffidence of yourſelf, which is a Quality I have always remarked in you with ſingular Satisfaction.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Heyday! I am in a fine Dilemma: I really find myſelf mighty ridiculous.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Ha! ha! ha!

AIR XXXVII. * [Arne.]

When a Freak has got in
Such a Head for plotting,
Can a ſimple Maid withſtand?
With ſuch Art aſſailing,
You are ſo prevailing
I muſt yield both Heart and Hand.

With a Mate ſo loving,
All my Ways approving,
O how bleſt will be my Lot?
If I ſeem too eaſy,
'Tis my Zeal to pleaſe you,
Think of that, and ſcorn me not.
Nay, never doubt; here's my Hand!—I conſent;
How baſhful you ſtand!—'Tis too late to repent.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Well! I deſerve to be laugh'd at, I confeſs; but dear Maria, let me beſeech you ſeriouſly to tell me, wou'd you have carried this Adventure through, and been diſintereſted enough to marry an honeſt Fellow like me without a Doit?

MARIA.

It is an Honour, my Lord, which I ſhou'd infallibly have accepted.

LORD LOVINGTON,

Nay, but be ſerious.—

MARIA.

Huſh! here comes my Father; compoſe yourſelf; all will be well; only remember you are now my Lord Lovington.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Yes, yes, I am Lord Lovington; never fear me.—Generous Maria!

SCENE VII.

Enter Sir ANTONY *and* FREDERICK.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, my Lord, are you and my Daughter come to a right Underſtanding yet?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Perfectly, Sir Antony; I find her all Gentleneſs and Compliance; and if the Parſon and the Lawyer were but as ready, I ſhould hope there wou'd be no other Delays to my Happineſs.

SIR ANTONY.

Very good! very good! Why I expect Lawyer Shifter every Moment; and as for Parſon Sneak, he is below in the Kitchen. Well, Maria, I hope I ſhall now ſhortly have the Happineſs of ſeeing my Daughter a Counteſs.

MARIA.

I hope ſo too, Sir; but I can't perſuade this Gentleman to believe it.

SIR ANTONY.

Believe it? What do you mean, Girl, what do you mean? His Lordſhip here is willing to have you, is he not? You heard him ſay ſo this very Moment.

LORD LOVINGTON.

What Frolick has ſhe got in her Head now? [*Aſide.*

MARIA.

Very true, Sir, I heard him ſay he was ready to marry me; but I can't perſuade him that he is Lord

Lovington, and I am determined to have no one but him.

SIR ANTONY.

Not Lord Lovington? Are you mad, Huſſey? Who is he then? who is he?

MARIA.

I know not, Sir, not I: but he inſiſted upon it juſt now that he was Captain Bellafont, and would be Lord Lovington no longer.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! the inſufferable Jilt!

SIR ANTONY.

Why I am thunderſtruck! Bellafont? — Captain Bellafont?—Who are you, Sir, and what are you?

FREDERICK.

Let me look a little nearer:—'Tis even ſo! my Friend Charles Bellafont, as I live! Ha! ha! ha! Why how whimſical this is! What, in Maſquerade?

SIR ANTONY.

Maſquerade, do you call it? Why 'tis a moſt wicked and abominable Impoſition.—But come, Sir, decamp, move off, before you are forc'd to a more precipitate Retreat.

MARIA.

Hold, Sir, you are miſtaken; I inſiſt upon it he is Lord Lovington.

LORD LOVINGTON.

'Tis falſe; I am not: nor wou'd I accept the Wealth of the Indies with an Encumbrance like thee tack'd to it, were it thrown at my Feet.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

LORD LOVINGTON.

'Tis very well; laugh on, 'tis mighty well; but by Heaven! Mr. Frederick, you ſhall repent your Jeering.—As for you, Madam—

AIR XXXVIII. * [Arnold.]

Give me back my Heart, Seducer!
Thus my Freedom I regain:
Fury tempts me to accuſe her;
Pride forbids me to complain.
Thus I tear my Chains aſunder:
How can Heaven withhold its Thunder?
See! ſhe triumphs in my Pain! [Going.

FREDERICK.

Come, Bellafont, we have carried this Jeſt far enough: you are really as ſhe tells you, Lord Lovington; and, if you won't take my Word for it, you may read that Paper. You will pardon a little harmleſs Raillery, and, if you are ſerious in your Eſteem for my Siſter, I am confident my Father and his Family will think themſelves highly honour'd in your Lordſhip's Alliance.

LORD LOVINGTON.

My Uncle and my Couſin both dead!—If this be ſo, Maria, my Ambition indeed will be ſatisfied, but my Happineſs 'tis you only can beſtow.

SIR ANTONY.

Why, how is all this, Frederick? Sometimes he is a Lord, and ſometimes he is none.—What is the Truth?

FREDERICK.

This Letter, Sir, will explain it to you; indeed I wou'd recommend the Whole to your Peruſal.—Come, my Lord, if you will withdraw to my Apartment, and diveſt yourſelf of your whimſical Habiliments, my Man can equip you with ſome Cloaths of mine.

LORD

LORD LOVINGTON.

There is no need, Frederick; my Servant is waiting without; for to ſay the Truth, I am thoroughly ſick and aſham'd of this Diſguiſe, and cou'd laugh as heartily as either of you at the ridiculous Figure I muſt have made in this Tranſaction.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, there is ſome Senſe in this. [*Returning the Letter.*] My Lord, I heartily congratulate you, and beg a thouſand Pardons for my Incivility to you.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Oh! Sir Antony, mention it not, leſt you bring me to the Bluſh.—I will take my leave for a few Minutes, and return with all haſte.

[*Exit Lord* Lovington.

SIR ANTONY.

By my ſay-ſo, this is an Event that will make no ſmall Figure upon Paper; I am only concern'd that my Part has not been ſo brilliant as I cou'd wiſh; but I muſt help that out in the Relation. This Jade Clara has cruelly diſarrang'd my Matters; no where to be found, either by Land or Water: Well, well, we have not drag'd the Pond for nothing. Now Frederick cou'd we but find where Clara, — pſhaw — I mean where Miſs Hartley has hid herſelf, I might diſpoſe of both my Children at once. Ods Life! I wou'd it was come to that!

AIR XXXIX. [Vernon.]

When my Children are wedded all and gone,
With a this Way, that Way, and every Way;
And a happy Day will be that Day,
When they've left me to myſelf alone,
With a this Way, &c.
And I wou'd they were gone every one.

Then

Then will I ſeek out for a Wife,
With a this Way, &c.
And a happy Day will be that Day,
When I renew a wedded Life,
With a this Way, &c.
For every Way I'll pleaſe my Wife.

But ſhou'd ſhe prove wayward, pert and bold,
With a this Way, &c.
What a luckleſs Day wou'd be that Day,
When I lighted firſt upon a Scold,
With a this Way, &c.
Ah! what Way's left for me that am old!

SCENE VIII.

OLIVIA *enters with* AMELIA *brought in by a numerous Rabble of Peaſants;* HENRY *following at ſome Diſtance.*

SIR ANTONY.

Heyday! who have we got here? Is the whole Pariſh ſtung with the Gadfly? What's the Matter with you all?

OLIVIA.

Why theſe honeſt People have a ſtrange Story to tell you, Sir Antony.

1ſt PEASANT.

Yes, and pleaſe your Worſhip, we have a ſtrange Story to tell you: But things have gone very croſs with us all this Harveſt through; a Power of mildew'd Grain—Farmer Chaff's Horſes are in a Manner eat up with the Botts, one and all—and Maſter Grubb's Cows are ſorely peſter'd with the Tail-worm; ſo that we are fit to think, pleaſe your Worſhip, that the poor Beaſties are Hag-ridden, as it were.

SIR

SIR ANTONY *to* AMELIA.

Well, Child, is it you have done all this? I ſee you are a Dealer in the Black Art.—

[*Pointing to her Maſk.*

IſT PEASANT.

Noa, your Honour, we don't directly ſay ſo; but we were a little dubilous about the young Woman, ſo we'll pray your Worſhip to examine her a bit.

FREDERICK.

O Neighbours, leave her to me; I'll examine her.

IſT PEASANT.

We are much beholden to your Honour: Pray you now, young Gentleman, aſk her why ſhe wears that black Thing athwart her Face, whereof I can take my Bible Oath on't that ſhe is ſometimes as ſightly a young Woman to look at, as ever my Eyes beheld; and why ſhe keeps hanging about the Grove at the Bottom of the Paddock; there can be no good Intent in that.

SIR ANTONY.

Go, ye ſimple People, get home, and leave the young Woman with us.

HENRY, *to one of the* PEASANTS.

I am aſham'd, Gaffer Dowling, to ſee an old Man like you make himſelf ſuch a Fool. [*Exeunt* Peaſants.

SIR ANTONY.

Well, young Woman, let us know why you are maſked, and what your Buſineſs is in theſe Parts?

AMELIA.

My Profeſſion, Sir, is Fortune-telling; I deal with the Stars.

SIR ANTONY.

I rather believe 'tis with the Moon.

AMELIA.

Give me your Hands. [*Taking Sir* Antony *with one Hand, and* Frederick *with the other.*

AIR

AIR XL. [Arnold.]

You love, and are belov'd again. [*To* Frederick.
You love, alas! but love in vain. [*To Sir* Ant.
The Grove.—The Garden was the Scene.
You've been to blame—
Oh! fie for Shame,
With Hairs ſo grey to wear a Head ſo green.

Your Maid is fled.—*Your Miſtreſs gone:*
Yet both theſe Loſſes are but one:
I, who conceal'd her, can reſtore.
Lament!—*Rejoice!*
Here is my Choice!
Come take, Oh! take, and never quit me more.
[*Unmasks, and runs into* Frederick's *Arms.*

FREDERICK.

O tranſporting Surprize! Do I behold thee? do I again embrace thee, my dear, my deſtin'd Amelia?

MARIA.

Amelia - - - - ?

SIR ANTONY.

What do I hear? And are you, that was my Clara, the Daughter of Sir William Hartley?

AMELIA.

I am, Sir, and can you be generous enough to forgive my Preference of your Son before you?

SIR ANTONY.

Oh! no more of that I charge you. 'Tis well we are wiſer than our Children, for certainly they have ſome unaccountable Advantages over us.

FREDERICK.

O my Amelia, I have News for thee, which I flatter myſelf you will be pleaſed with: your Friends are impatient to receive you, and have conſented to our Union.

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

Then is my Joy compleat. Now had I but a Friend that cou'd relate to them this Day's Events, as they really have happen'd—

HENRY.

You have a Friend, Madam, an humble and a faithful one; ready to undertake that Office, or any other you can lay upon him.

AMELIA.

I thank thee, my good Henry, and will accept your Services. Frederick, I have much to tell thee of this Youth, whom I deſire you will love for my ſake.

FREDERICK.

I know him well: his Fortune ſhall be my Care.

HENRY.

Thank Heaven! I ſhall now be abſent, when ſhe is married. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit* Henry.

LORD LOVINGTON *enters and ſpeaks.*

What do I ſee? my Couſin Emily Hartley? Why this is fortunate beyond Deſcription.

MARIA.

Bleſs me, my Lord, is Miſs Hartley your Couſin?

LORD LOVINGTON.

Even ſo—and if my Hopes don't flatter me, our Alliance is in a way to be improved. Well, Frederick, if Modeſty, Generoſity and Good-nature can bleſs a Man, thou art happy. Come, Emily, can't you find ſomething to ſay of me in return for this fine high-flown Panegyric? Relations ſhou'd commend each other. [Shifter *appears at the Side Scene.*

O ho! my honeſt Friend! are you there? Nay, never go back, Man.

PADDY. [*Puſhing* Shifter *on upon the Stage.*

Honeſt, quotha? By my Sowl now 'tis very cruel to call the poor Gentleman out of his Name; and o' my

Conſcience I believe he thinks ſo himſelf, for I had the greateſt difficulty in Life to make him come here of his own accord.

SHIFTER.

Captain Bellafont, Sir, I beg you won't expoſe me here in open Court.

BELLAFONT.

Why you are a little out of Countenance here, Maſter Shifter; yon Devil of an Iriſhman has made a foul Blot in your Parchment. [*Pointing to his Forehead.*

PADDY.

Indeed now the Man has had his Pen'worth for his Penny; I took a Purſe of Money from him, 'tis true, but I gave him a broken Pate worth two of it.

SIR ANTONY.

A broken Pate, quotha? hang him, Rogue, give him a Halter.

LORD LOVINGTON.

Come, Sir Antony, you muſt be Friends again; no Aſperity ſhould ſtain the Happineſs of this Day. Theſe are neceſſary Evils in Society; it is not that Men prefer the wrong ſide of the Queſtion before the right, 'tis only that they think it better than being of no ſide at all. As for thee, Paddy, thou and I muſt not Part for the reſt of our Lives.

PADDY.

By my Sowl then I'll look no further; and when you die, Honey, I'll give you a Howl ſhall fetch you to Life again in a hurry.

AMELIA.

Sir Antony, as I croſt your Lawn I found your Harveſt Folks aſſembled at their Sports; the Serenity of the Evening, and the Chearfulneſs of the Scene, compoſe the moſt agreeable ſight in Nature.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Oh! by all Means, Sir, let us go thither; Joy is pleaſing in whatſoever Shape it appears.

SIR ANTONY.

Let this then be a Day of general Happineſs!

LORD LOVINGTON.

For my own Part I contemplate all rural Paſtimes with Reverence and Delight. The natural Expreſſions of an innocent Joy in a free and happy People are in my Senſe the moſt grateful Oblation that can be offer'd in return for ſuch Bleſſings.

AIR XLI. [Richter.]

Lord Lov. *Happy Nation! who poſſeſſing*
Nature's Gifts in full Increaſe,
Sees around thee every Bleſſing,
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.
Chor. *Happy Nation!* &c.

Amelia. *Fields where golden Ceres waving*
Gliſtens in the ripening Sun;
Streams their fertile Borders laving
Scattering Riches as they run.
Chor. *Happy Nation!* &c.

Fred. *Meads, where Flocks and Herds diſporting*
Gayly paint the chequer'd Vale;
Groves, where happy Shepherds courting,
Softly breathe their amorous Tale.
Chor. *Happy Nation!* &c.

Maria. *Cooling Zephyrs gently blowing*
Fragrance from the flow'ry Plains;
Temperate Skies serenely glowing;
Virtuous Nymphs and valiant Swains.

Chor. *Happy Nation! who poſſeſſing*
Nature's Gifts in full increaſe,
Sees around thee every Bleſſing,
Scenes of Plenty, Scenes of Peace.

THE END.